BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1945

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
L. LUARD
FRANK H. SHAW
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

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THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · LONDON AND COVENTRY

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 30, No. 6 JUNE, 1945

THIS IS ENGLAND (6) Alfriston Village, Sussex

Cover Design

by *Mold*

Articles

What Next in Britain?
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 14–15 and 52

Cross-Channel Cavalcade
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16 and 68

I Liked My Home Town
by *Harry J. Greenwall*
Illustrations
by *Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.* 20 and 56

Old Tales Re-told :
The Beloved Fool, Will Somers—Jester to King Henry VIII
Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21–24 and 54

Chinese Art 25 and 66

Down By The River
by *B. Melville Nicholas* 29 and 58

The Evolution of the Highroads of England
by *Wilma Buckley* 42 and 64

Home Section

On Duty—and Off
by *Jane Gordon* 33 and 67
The Three S's 34–35
Knitting :
Knitted Blazer 36 and 67
Cap Sleeved Blouse 36 and 66
Dress
by *Jean Burnup* 37
Health and Beauty
by *Chrysis*
How to be Healthily Slim 38
It's Not Natural 38–39
Black Coffee 39
Window Dressing 40
Profit and Loss Account 43
Other Countries' Houses
by *Winifred Lewis* 44–45
Cookery
by *Robin Adair*
Hot and Cold Canapés 46–47
Soups for Summer 46
Cold Sweets 47
Smother Love
by *Louisa Kay* 48
Home Made String Bag 51

General

Books :
by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 64

Stories

The Albatross
by F. R. Farmer
Illustrations
by *Edward Osmond* 9–13

Little Ships
by *Frank H. Shaw*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 17–19 and 56

Way of Salvation
by *L. Luard*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 26–28 and 61

Shield of Allah
by *T. Campbell Rogers*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 30–32 and 62

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

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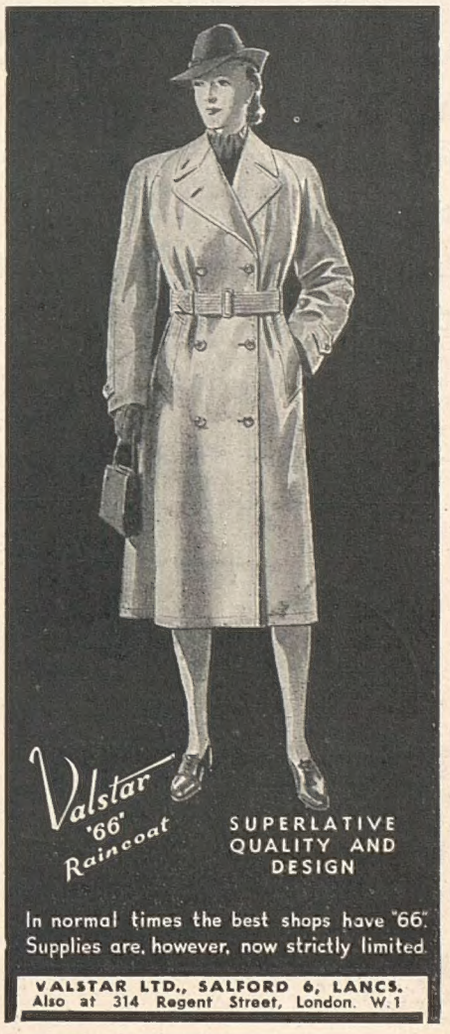
TOOTH PASTE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VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, LANCS.
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A GREAT DAY HAS DAWNED. With our hearts filled with thankfulness for victory, let us make this great resolve! Let us continue in our striving for a land free from anxiety and want—that the sacrifices of war may not have been in vain.

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Modern beauty specialists exercise their art for the enhancement of feminine loveliness, but no matter how perfect face and figure, beautiful clothes are still the first essential. To millions of women the delightful fabrics made from Courtaulds rayon are the passport to lovely clothes at moderate cost.

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Courtaulds THE GREATEST NAME IN RAYON

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Moths murder fabrics! Moths make meals of clothes, curtains, carpets! Get on their track with FLIT—clear the house to-day. Coupons saved are coupons gained!

FLIT
kills moths

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FOR *Face* APPEAL

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Here's your NEW AUSTIN 12 for after the war

Roomy comfort for five passengers and luggage . . . easy handling at high cruising speed . . . greater dependability than ever — these qualities will characterise the Austin 12 for after the war. Among the many new features contributed by war-time experience are :—

Lubrication refinements ensuring longer bearing life; protected exhaust valves; rubber tensioner for the timing chain giving quieter performance; "softer" engine mountings; redesigned drive and propeller shafts for smoother running; improved gear-box; variable-ratio steering; extensively sound-insulated chassis with strengthened spring mountings; anti-roll torsion bars; stronger back-axle mechanism; seating and interior planned for added comfort. Radio and hydraulic jacking optional.

★ *In addition to this* 12, *the Austin post-war programme will comprise* 8, 10 *and* 16 *h.p. cars—four-door saloons only, with choice of three colours.*

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM **(also Export Dept.)**
4.J.252

What is wrong with this picture ?

Welcome home sir. But surely something's wrong with our gallant officer? There is. Even if he happened to carry a rifle the bayonet wouldn't be fixed. Neither would he wear his medal ribbons on his greatcoat. And that bus conductor issuing tickets on a railway station seems a bit odd. Stranger still is the sight of the porter with the case of Caley FORTUNE Chocolates. Impossible. Caley aren't and won't be making FORTUNE Chocolate until after the war. So, until Caley can build a factory of their own again, good friends in the Trade are making Plain and Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

CALEY CHOCOLATE

Let's take lunch with us!

A packed meal, whether it's for a picnic or for someone to take to work, should be just as nourishing as a hot dinner. And it can be. Remember that you should include something from the body-building group of foods — meat, fish, cheese, eggs. Also something green. The energy food will look after itself in the bread, pastry or cake part of the meal. The following suggestions make a change from sandwiches, and you'll notice that they give all-round nourishment.

1 *Scotch eggs. Watercress. Prune turnover.*

For each hard-boiled dried egg, allow about 2 oz. sausage meat. Wrap round the egg to cover completely, dip in egg and crumbs and fry golden brown. To hard-boil dried eggs, reconstitute in the usual way, season, put in greased egg-cups or small moulds, cover with greaseproof paper. Place in pan of simmering water half-way up moulds, simmer 15-20 minutes.

The turnovers are made with the usual short-crust pastry. For filling, use prunes which have been well soaked but not cooked. Stone, chop, moisten with a little golden syrup.

2 *Cornish pasties. Salad in a jar. Cake.*

The traditional filling for Cornish pasties is tender raw meat and raw potato, cut small. If you use a tougher cut, mince the meat first or chop it finely, and use grated raw potatoes. Season, and add a little chopped spring onion. Make your salad with raw shredded greens, include some chopped parsley and any other salad ingredients you fancy. Mix with a thick dressing.

3 *Salad boats. Spread biscuits. Chocolate marzipans.*

Scoop out most of the inside from halved rolls. (This will make breadcrumbs for future cooking.) Fill hollows level to edges with a mixture of any green salad and chopped luncheon meat. To pack so that they don't leak, place each together with greaseproof paper between; then wrap firmly. Spread thin, plain biscuits with marmalade and chopped sultanas, place each two together.

CHOCOLATE MARZIPAN: *1 tablespoonful water, 1 oz. margarine, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. soya flour, 2 level tablespoons cocoa, a little grated chocolate.* Melt margarine in water, add essence, then sugar, then the soya and cocoa previously mixed together. Turn on to a board, knead well, form into small balls, roll in a little grated chocolate. This makes approximately 7 oz. of sweets.

(S121)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

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THE COSIEST OF COATS

Don't forget this label — it stands for the cosy comfort of Motoluxe Coats. For fashionable wear you'll find Motoluxe Coats are still obtainable, though they won't be plentiful till better times return. We're sorry we can't make any promises about Motoluxe Rugs just now, but— they are well worth waiting for.

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Fair ladies upon Albion's strand

Choose Norvic shoes—best in the land

Norvic Shoes are made on the Braced Foot Principle.

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NORVIC

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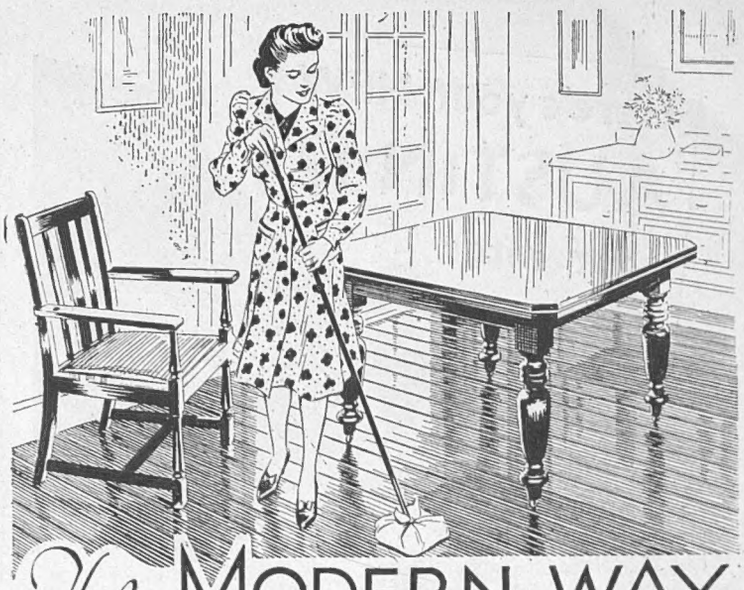

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of keeping the home bright, clean & healthy

MANSION

ANTISEPTIC WAX

POLISH

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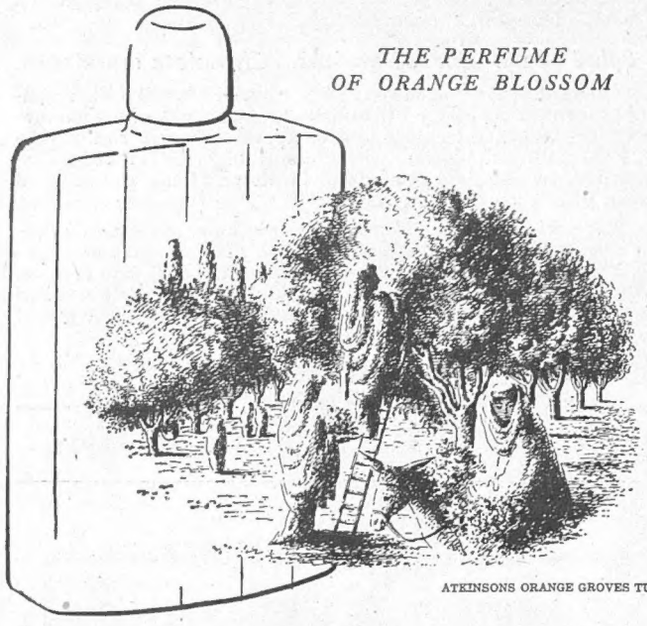
USE SPARINGLY – STILL IN SHORT SUPPLY.

THE PERFUME OF ORANGE BLOSSOM



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ATKINSONS Eau de Cologne retains all the subtle fragrance of the 15th century Continental original, because it has always been made from this traditional recipe, first used in England by Mr. James Atkinson in 1799. In 1940 manufacture ceased, but ladies who think of Atkinsons as only a fragrant memory, will be glad to know that Atkinsons extensive orange groves in Tunisia are being maintained in perfect condition; which means that as soon as restrictions are removed, we shall be able to start immediately to make this refreshing essence to revive their spirits and crystallise their charm once more.

ATKINSONS *Eau de Cologne*

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AEC 147-96 J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

Highland Tweeds

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED MEANTIME, BUT WHEN PEACE RETURNS...

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Traditional quality

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

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INVERNESS

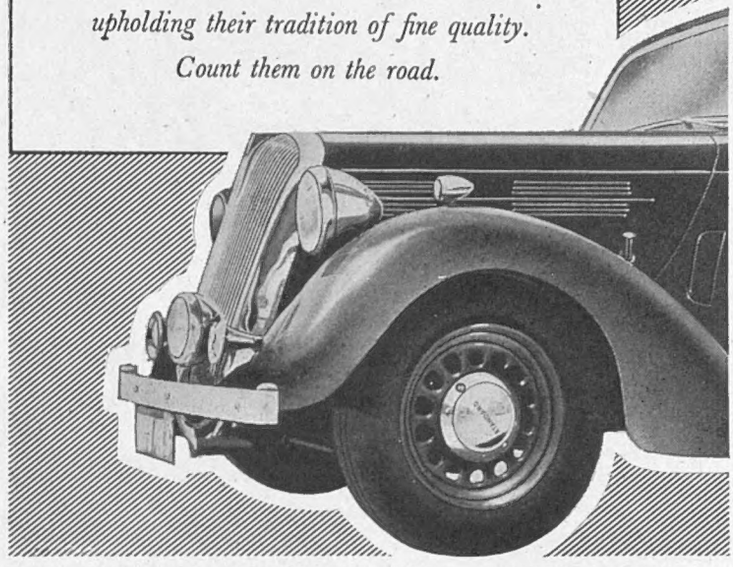
GRIGOR for VIGOR

STANDARD CARS

REMEMBERED WITH SATISFACTION

Anticipated with pleasure!

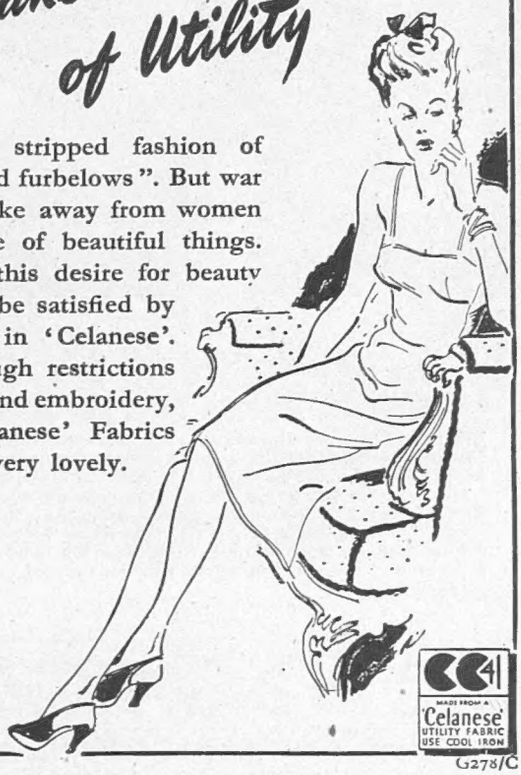
Standard cars are worthily upholding their tradition of fine quality. Count them on the road.



THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

'Celanese' TRADE MARK makes the BEST of Utility

War has stripped fashion of "frills and furbelows". But war cannot take away from women their love of beautiful things. Happily this desire for beauty can still be satisfied by Lingerie in 'Celanese'. For, though restrictions ban lace and embroidery, the 'Celanese' Fabrics are still very lovely.



G278/C

". . . the years that the locust hath eaten . . ."

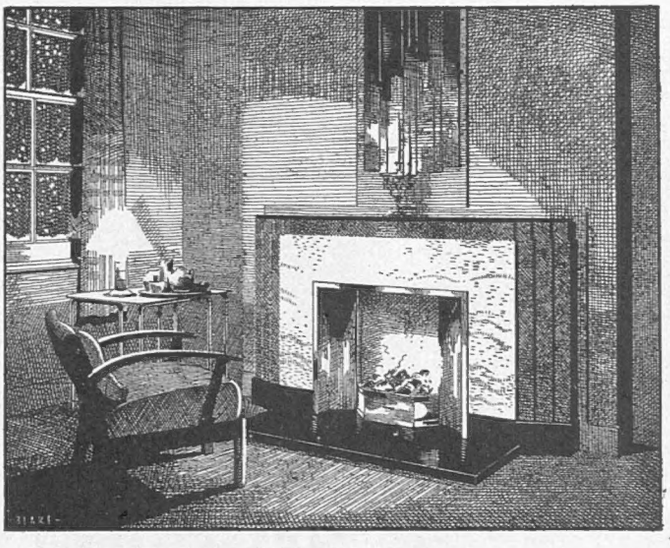
Since 1939 large numbers of our men and women have been serving their country in the Forces.

Soon many of them will be returning to their homes, anxious to make a place for themselves in the life of a nation pursuing the arts of peace.

Constructive help will be needed in solving the many business problems that will confront them after long absence from the ordinary affairs of daily life.

The managers of the branches of the Midland Bank have a wealth of experience and knowledge in such matters which they will gladly place at the disposal of men and women—whether customers of the Bank or not—upon their return to civilian life.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED



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Fireplaces as designed by The House of Froy for post-war building possess that artistic merit combined with efficiency that adds dignity to the comfort of a home. A limited supply is available and can be seen at our Showrooms. May we add your name to our register for descriptive literature to be sent immediately restrictions on printing are relaxed?

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MODERN EQUIPMENT FOR MODERN HOMES

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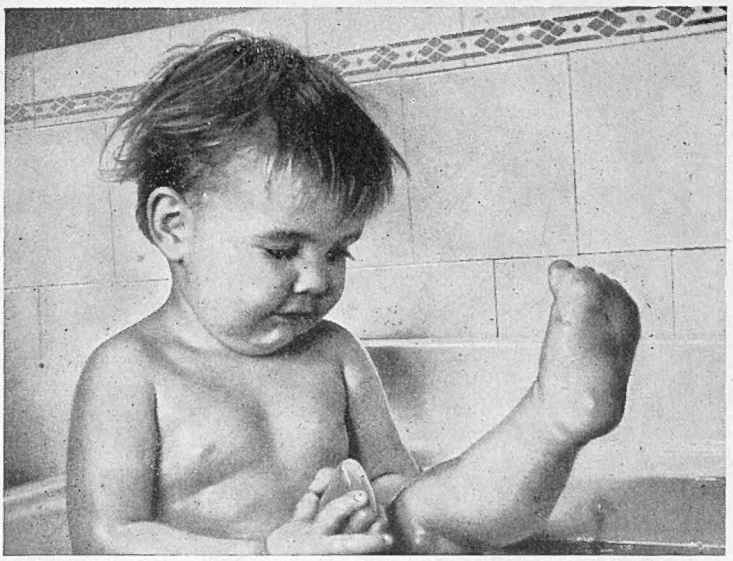

Kicking about

What could be more alive and appealing than baby in the bath or at play-time? This amazing vitality is sound evidence that baby has always had a balanced diet for the perfect development of brain, bone and muscle.

How wise to follow the advice of your doctor when he prescribed COW & GATE : the food that carries with it the assurance of years of research and vigilant care in its manufacture—Britain's premier milk. A completely balanced food for growth and bone building and germ-free in its purity. The safe and certain food for *your* baby. *The Royal choice for Royal babies* !

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"Babies Love it!"

The Standard of Good Knitting Wool

Copley's

Knitting Wools

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS, LTD., MANCHESTER AND LONDON

Unexcelled for Tea Time Sandwiches

Unexcelled C&B since 1706

CROSSE & BLACKWELL LTD

No bottles now, Madam

says OLD HETHERS

"But you don't have to go without, do as I do—make it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. You'll find full directions on the tin. If you can't get hold of a lemon or an orange, flavour with the juice of stewed or tinned fruits, or maybe you've some ideas of your own."

Barley Water from

ROBINSON'S

'Patent' BARLEY

CVS-27

"THE COATS FOR TO-DAY—AND TO-MORROW"

One of the Utility Coats from the Martinex Autumn range. All wool, precision tailoring, fully lined to tone, lovely colours, 90/9. 18 coupons. Do not insist on thi. particular model, but see the full range (from July) in leading Fashion Houses and Stores. If in difficulty write M. & S. Martin Ltd. (Wholesale Showrooms), 17 Berners Street, London, W.1.

IT'S GOOD TO LOOK BACK . . .

BUT EVEN BETTER TO LOOK FORWARD

HILLMAN MINX

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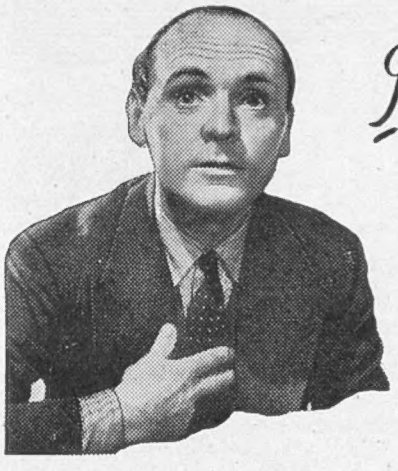

I can't afford ASTHMA!

Nobody can—that's why so many wise folk rely on POTTER'S ASTHMA REMEDY for INSTANT RELIEF.

Wonderful in Bronchitis, Catarrh, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever. All Chemists, Herbalists and Stores, 2/2.

POTTER'S *Asthma Remedy*

A.20

POTTER & CLARK LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E.1

You can't take this from me...

She's so happy when being rubbed down with her soft, luxurious "Morning Joy" Towel that she never wants to part with it.

VANTONA *Towels*

All the family like them for their absorbency and the softness that stays soft. Not easy to buy—demands of the Services must come first.

The range of VANTONA household Textiles also includes "Court" Bedcovers, Blansheets, Down Quilts, Ticks and Tickings—all bear the VANTONA tab.

The VANTONA Household Advice Bureau is still at your service. It is daily answering many questions from house-proud readers.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER, 1

The women of Britain have paid their share of the price of liberty. Yet through all the trials and sacrifice they have surrendered nothing of the charm that is theirs by right. Much of the small supply of Cyclax has gone to those in uniform —we are glad to have been able to make this contribution to those who have contributed so much.

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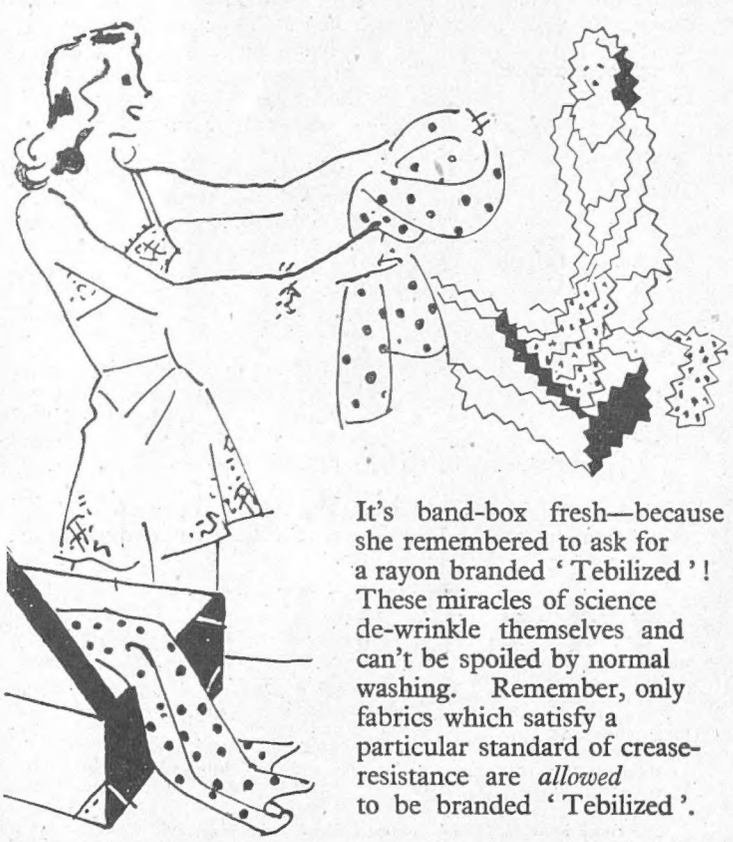
Twomax REAL SCOTCH KNITWEAR

The March of Time will not outpace the high standard set by "TWOMAX" Real Scotch Knitwear

We cannot supply the Public direct Obtainable from all good Stores

McCLURE & McINTOSH LTD.
GLASGOW



It's band-box fresh—because she remembered to ask for a rayon branded 'Tebilized'! These miracles of science de-wrinkle themselves and can't be spoiled by normal washing. Remember, only fabrics which satisfy a particular standard of crease-resistance are *allowed* to be branded 'Tebilized'.

FABRICS BRANDED TEBILIZED Regd.
HAVE ***TESTED*** CREASE-RESISTANCE

'TEBILIZED' TRADE MARK USERS' ASSOCIATION, 2 COOPER STREET, MANCHESTER 2

1695

In France, towards the end of the 17th Century, corsages stuffed and pointed to the figure in front were outmoded by tightly fitting garments.

1945

The Gossard today is designed gently to mould the figure in the way it should go, give essential support, and prevent undue fatigue. Postwar Gossards will do all these things even better.

THE Gossard LINE OF BEAUTY

Britannia and Eve
JUNE 1945

Five-spot and the albatross became inseparable. Five-spot even abandoned his comfortable kennel aft to sleep with the albatross. They made an odd pair; and Jonesey sat on the hatch, smoking and brooding over them in a fatherly kind of way that drew on his head much ribald chaff from the crew

The Albatross

The Story of a Man and a Woman on an Island in the South Pacific

By

F. R. Farmer

JONESEY was a helmsman; a mild, elderly, unimaginative, practical, very quiet little man. He seldom talked. Occasionally he read a book; once, in a burst of confidence, he told me he took to reading late in life. It eased his mind.

Apart from reading, on that voyage, Jonesey showed no interest in anything except an albatross that, during a bad blow five days out from Sydney, fouled a strut and fell into our for'ra'd well deck with a broken wing. Jonesey took an unexpected and passionate interest in this albatross.

He splinted its wing with two pieces of whalebone borrowed from a negro fireman. He spent all his spare time in the well deck with the albatross and Five-spot, the old man's spaniel. Five-spot and the albatross became inseparable. Five-spot even abandoned his comfortable kennel aft to sleep for'ard with the albatross. They made an odd pair; and Jonesey sat on the hatch, smoking and brooding over them in a fatherly kind of way that drew on his head much ribald chaff from the crew.

The albatross was immensely fond of the flying-fish that sometimes pitched into the well decks. If anyone found a flying-fish he gave it to Jonesey for his bird, that looked so odd squatting on the deck with its great clumsy wings. The albatross never knew what to do with its wings; they were so big, so completely of the air. Rough weather invariably made it seasick. Jonesey philosophically cleaned up the mess.

Then, one night, the albatross disappeared. This event hurt Jonesey desperately. He looked lonely and puzzled; smaller than ever. He read more than usual.

About a week later, one Sunday afternoon, I threw myself on to my bunk in the fo'c's'le. The day was steaming hot; everyone felt listless and heavy. Jonesey lay stretched on his bunk, reading. The deck crew lounged on the hatch, under a tarpaulin. The ship was very quiet. The smooth tropic water snored under our fore-foot.

Jonesey, however, lay restless, ill at ease. He fidgeted in his bunk. At last, dropping his book on his chest, he looked up, he caught my glance.

"This here book," he volunteered, "is about coral islands. You got to be wrecked on 'em to know what coral islands are like!"

"So you 've been wrecked," I said, with a yawn. Jonesey's adventures didn't seem important.

Jonesey gave a nod. "It wasn't like this here. Not be a long shot!"

I lay listening lazily to the smooth rush of water beyond the plates.

"Me mind 's been workin'," added Jonesey suddenly. "Now that albatross. . . . Things happen in a man's life again and again. The same things——"

I became wide awake; all ears.

"That voyage to the South Pacific," went on Jonesey; "it runs in me mind night and day."

"What happened?" I asked.

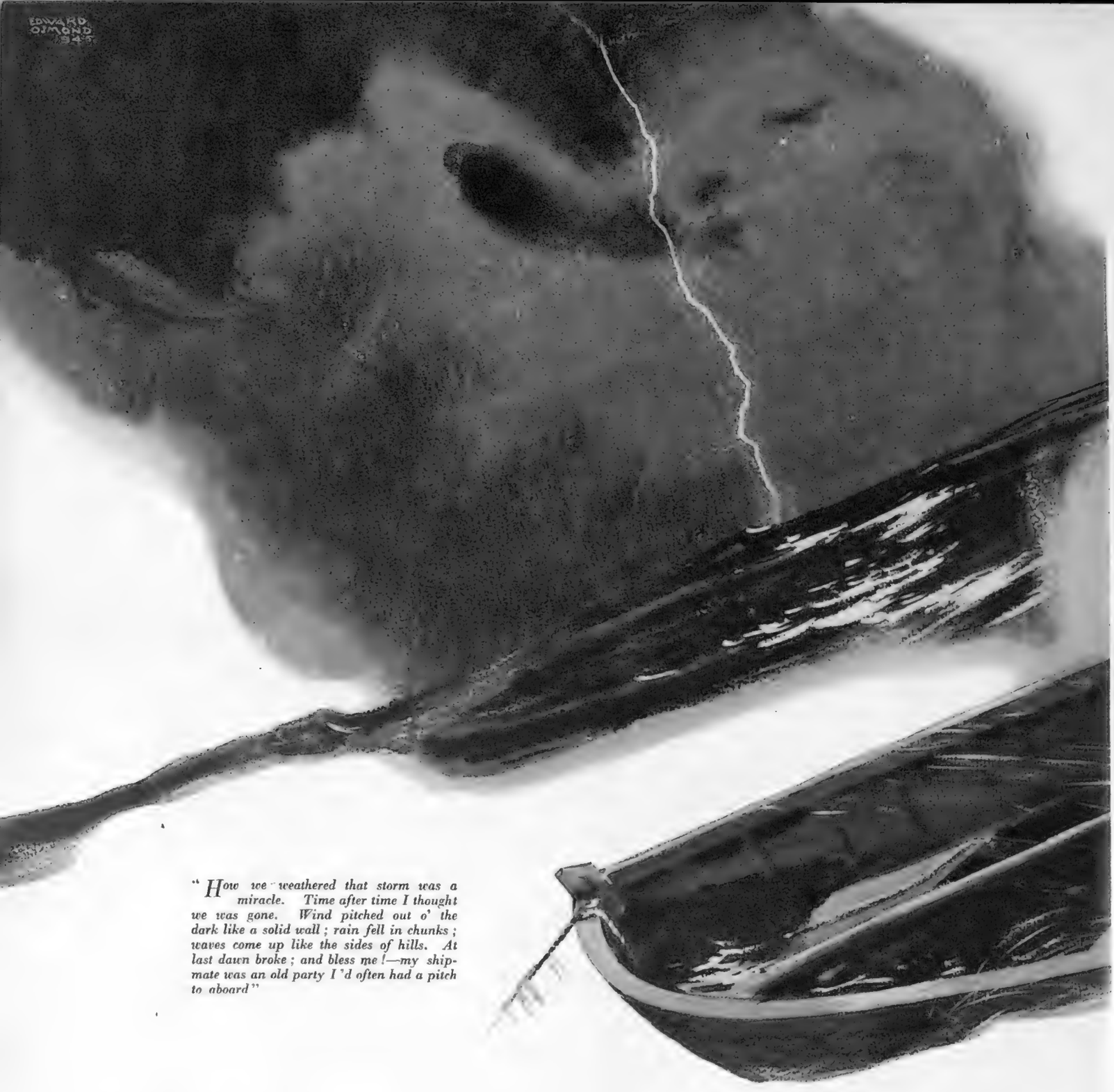
"A lot happened!" replied Jonesey with unexpected animation. "It was a pleasure cruise. That 's funny, ain't it? A pleasure cruise!"

"Not for the crew, eh?" I suggested.

"Nor no one else," retorted Jonesey, "because they went to the bottom in a typhoon off the Marquesas. We broke our back," he added; "we settled so quick we never had time to man the boats. Meself, I was lucky. I was near the captain's gig. I slashed 'er adrift. Nex' thing someone got blowed into my arms. I grabbed whoever it was. The gig give a heave. Both of us pitched into the scuppers. Next minute darkness and spindrift swallered us up."

Jonesey paused. He gave his head a solemn shake.

"How we weathered that storm," he said, "was a miracle. Time after time I thought we was gone. Wind pitched out o' the dark like a solid wall; rain fell in chunks; waves come up like the sides of hills. At last dawn broke; and bless me!—my shipmate was an old party I 'd often had a pitch to aboard. Nice old party, she was; abrupt in her ways and a terrible one to read. Read! She told me as she 'd read every book on coral islands ever printed.



"How we weathered that storm was a miracle. Time after time I thought we was gone. Wind pitched out o' the dark like a solid wall; rain fell in chunks; waves come up like the sides of hills. At last dawn broke; and bless me!—my shipmate was an old party I 'd often had a pitch to aboard"

"Well, she helped me for to bale. And never a squeak out of her until the typhoon blowed itself out, which it did about midday. Then it come all over blazin' hot; like the inside of a copper bucket. We had no water.

"For a while the old party stood up to it wonderful. Then, all at once, she cracked up. She went delirious. She raved be the hour." Jonesey hesitated. "All I 'll say is the thoughts of these old spinster bodies ain't so fixed on religion as you 'd suppose.

"Well, come mornin', a hatful o' wind sprung up. And soon arterwards, be a stroke o' luck, we raised an island—atolls they calls 'em in these yer books. Well, we made it, though I very nearly did rip our bottom out manœuverin' into the lagoon.

"It was just like what you read about, that lagoon; calm as mirrors. As soon as I 'd beached the gig I lifted out the old party and laid 'er up under some bushes. Then off I went for to get water. I found a pool; and took a hatful o' water straight back to the old party. I mopped her face and started a little water into her lips. She stirred. Then she give a moan.

"She opened her eyes pop! Up she sat. She gazed at the lagoon sparklin' in the sun; the cokernut-palms; flame-trees blazin' in the jungle; the gig drored up; little waveses lappin' along the white beach.

"She turned.

"She saw me kneelin' beside of 'er.

"'Desmond!' she says. 'Desmond!'

"I give a start.

"'You 've mistook me,' I says.

"'No, no!' she says. 'As if I could. My own Desmond——'

"'Look here!' I says. 'You ain't yourself. Go easy and get your bearin's. My name 's Alf. Look! Don't you remember the v'yage——'

"'Will I ever forget!' she says. 'You wicked, wicked man——'

"I sat all agape, like a heathen idol.

"Up she sprung. 'Don't you worry,' she says. 'I forgive you. The first thing,' she says, 'is to build a hut under a breadfruit-tree. Desmond! Pray conduct me to a breadfruit-tree!'

"She left me fair gapin'.

"'I wouldn't know a breadfruit-tree,' I says, 'not even if I set eyes on it. And if it 's the same to you, Ma'am, I 'd sooner you called me Alf——'

"Not one skettick o' notice did she take.

"'I myself will find a breadfruit,' she says. 'Follow me!'

"With that she picked up her skirts and trotted right acrost the island. It wasn't a very big island.

"'There must be a breadfruit somewhere,' she says, shakin' her head. 'There 's always breadfruits on tropic islands!'

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD OSMOND

"We looked into every tree we come to.

"'I'm fair disappointed in you!' says the old party at last. 'You mighta done better than this!'

"'Bli'me!' I says. 'I done the best I could! A bloke can't pick and choose w'en he's cast adrift.'

"She was terrible cast down about this here breadfruit-tree. She said it spoiled her plans. But arter a bit she perked up.

"'I must have a hut,' she says. 'You can't deny me that!'

"Well, betwixt us we fixed a hut outer palm leaves.

"Meself, I slep' on the sand like a log.

"After sun-up I went to see after the old party. There she was, right enough. The way she was fair took me breath away. She'd fastened hibiscus flowers in 'er hair. She'd creepers round her waist. She capered on the beach as gay as a grig."

"'Desmond, ain't it glorious!' she sings out. 'I seen the sun rise over a tropic lagoon.'

"'That's all very well,' I says. 'What I want to see is a bite o' breakfast.'

"'Breakfast!' she says. 'Of course! You must swim to the reef. Spear fish——'

"'I can't swim,' I says. 'And I ain't got a spear.'

"Well, that cast her back again.

"'Very well,' she says. 'We'll have to catch fish. That's all.'

"She went to her hut and fetched out a bag as'd never left her grip since we left port.

"'I always knew,' she said; 'as I'd be shipwrecked.'

"She reached in her hand; and out come a fishing-line and hooks.

"Well, I threw in a line and hooked a half-dozen fish. Meanwhiles the old party got a fire started with a burnin' glass. Astonishin' what she had in that bag.

"Well, that was all right. But no sooner had we finished breakfast than I seen a look come in 'er eye.

"'Bless me!' she says. 'Look up there! Real cokernuts!'

"I looked up. Them cokernuts was a powerful long way aloft.

"'The milk of a green cokernut,' she says, 'must be tasted to be believed. All the books say that.'

"'You can't believe everything you reads in books——'

"'I must have a cokernut this minute!' says she.

"'Maybe one'll fall down,' I says.

"'No, no, Desmond! Please to get me a cokernut. I'm thirsty.'

"'I might fall——' I begins.

"'Never mind,' she says. 'I have a first-aid outfit,' she says, 'with full instructions.'

"It wasn't no use of arguing! I begun to climb one of the palmses.

But the sap went outer my legs. I slid down again.

"The old party met me with the blade of an oar.

"'Up, Desmond, up!' she says. 'Hexcelsior!'"

Jonesey gave a sigh.

"I got that cokernut," he went on. "A great one she was for fresh cokernuts. In the end she had me swarmin' trees like a heathen monkey."

Jonesey told the story with unexpected gusto. Evidently the incidents he related he had polished in his mind with much remembering. Most of the time he forgot he had a listener.

"A bucko, mate," he went on, "was bread and lush to her! She got me for to build a look-out atop of a tree. Then I had to put up a new hut. Then I built a stockade around it; with livin' suckers o' flame tree. She wanted me to dive for pearls in the lagoon. But I did jib at that!

"One evening, I remember it like yesterday, as I was restin' my side of the island—fair wore out I was—she comes lacin' along at top speed.

"'Natives!' she shrieks. 'Cannibals! Hordes of 'em! In black war canoes!'

"I jumped up all of a cold sweat.

"'Come on!' she says. 'Every minute is precious!'

"Off I set. We come to a thick clump o' pandanus. The old party plumped down. She fixed a telescope to her eye.

"'Look!' she says. 'Their devilish faces. In hordes!'

"All I seen was a man-o'-war bird.

"'They're hull down,' she says, 'on the horizon.'

"I grabbed the telescope out of her hand. I seen nothing. The cover was still on the eye-piece."

Jonesey gave a solemn shake to his head.

"Yes. She had the same capacity for seein' savages as a mate o' mine had for seein' pink monkeys on shore leaf—only, as you might say, with less justification.

"Well, one evenin', as I was sittin' alongside o' the sea, watchin' the sun go down—there wasn't much on that island to tickle your eyes—she popped out o' the bush. She sat down beside o' me. For a bit she says nothing. Then she says:

"'Desmond,' she says, 'do you know anything about love?'

"Well, I was that taken aback . . .

"'Why, I've seen a few ports,' I says, cautious.

"'No, no!' she cries, shakin' her head. 'I mean the burnin' love o' the tropics. Love as strong as the sun and pure as the moon——'

"'No,' I says, shook to my soul case. 'I do not!'

"She looked awful put out.

"'You're a terrible disappointment,' she says, 'to be cast away with on a desert isle!'

"Well, day follered day. Nothing happened. We ate fish, cokernuts, sweet potatoes, paw-paws; at low tide I got oysters and such from the reefs. We had none o' they adventures like the books says. Each day was percisely the same as the one that went before; and then the one that came after. You got tired o' the same wind blowin'; the same sun makin' the same everlastin' dazzle on the same sea and the same beach.

"The old party, even she got tired of it! She said it was the dullest island ever she heard of. She said the best islands had this here breadfruit on 'em—she'd all the best recipes in her bag, so she told me—and pigs and thatch huts and war dances and savages and tappa and out-rigger canoes, bathin' in rivers and waterfalls, and all manner o' fruits and heathenish goin's-on. This island was a fair swindle, so she reckoned.

"She got that low in spirits I was downright concerned."

Jonesey twisted uneasily. He made a long pause.

"All of a sudden," he went on at last, "somethin' very queer happened on that island. It's hard to say how it came about. It begun one cold, grey day. Oh yes! There's such in the South Pacific, though they don't tell you of 'em in these yer books. Well, we was tired o' the island; and tired of one another. I seen the scheme come into her eyes. They got misty like.

"Hello! says I to meself. What's this a-brewin'?

"I expected something like buildin' a canoe or such.

"But no. This time it took her different. She kep' whatever it was to herself. She walked about sort of uplifted, sort of glowin', I tell you. It was rum on the island with jest me and her and this scheme. It got me worried. I'd sooner ha' knowed what it was, even if it meant work! But she kep' that scheme so close I couldn't even fathom what it was about.

"Except it was something to do with food.

"She talked everlasting about food. She never was greedy; now she ate no more than would keep the life in a canary!

"Then she took to follerin' me about. Not sayin' anything, mind you! Jest follering me, and staring! Fair give me the creeps! I couldn't settle. Arter a bit I couldn't sleep.

"I'd hear her shake her head and mutter

"'He doesn't know! Poor dear man! He doesn't even guess!'

"Arter a bit I got so edgey I couldn't keep still.

"Then a night came the like of what you get on these islands sometimes; a night with a moon in the sky as soft as a girl's eyes; no sound but the rustle o' palm leaves and the whisper o' waves and the beat o' the seas on the reef.

"I was settin' against a palm. I could show you that palm today!—listenin' to the rustle and click of land crabs. All at once I heard a step. It was the old party! She sat alongside o' me. Her eyes shone. I could see 'em glint in the moonlight. She looked happier than ever I seen her.

"'It's a grand thing,' she says, 'to know your life ain't been lived in vain!'

"'So that's it!' I says.

"She went on very quiet and gentle. To this day I can call to mind every single word!

"'For years and years,' she says, 'I was a selfish, useless old woman. I lived in a little room with nothing in my life but two boxes of flowers and a canary. I sat and I read. Or I dreamed. I looked out the window at the sky. That sky always looked dirty alongside grimy walls. But if I shut my eyes, then the sky was blue. I came in for a little legacy. Every penny I spent on this cruise to the South Seas.'

"'I'll find the meanin' of life,' says I, 'in the blue Pacific. And I have! I'm glad, glad!'

"She jumped up. 'I'll die happy!' she says. 'It's been given to me,' she says, 'to make a great and noble sacrifice that'll go down to hist'ry for little children to read about. Tomorrow,' she says, 'you will know all.' And off she trotted into the jungle.

"Next mornin' I reported to her hut as usual. I scrambled over the hidden stile on the palisade. I blew on the conch shell hangin' beside the paw-paw tree. She never answered. I walked acrost to the lagoon. She wasn't there. I walked all around the beach. I didn't catch a sight of her. I went to the pool. I went to the sweet potato patch. I run along the paths through the jungle.

"Why, she's in the hut! I thinks. I run back to the hut. I blew the conch. Then I looked inside. The hut was empty.

"Well, my insides felt like a ton o' lead. I'd got terrible fond o' the old party. I was jest about to go when I seen a piece o' paper. It was stuck to the door post with a knife. I seen writin' on the paper. Thin red writin'. And more red on the blade o' the knife." Jonesey half raised himself. He went on solemnly. "That writin' was done with blood. But if you ask me why, with pencils alongside her pa'm leaf diary——"

Jonesey swung his legs over the side of the bunk.

"Look!" he said earnestly. "I still got that writin'. If you'd like to see it."

I nodded.

"I would," I said.

Jonesey clumped down. He dragged a thick, battered wooden box from under his bunk. He opened it; it was as tidy as an old maid's!

"SHE sat beside o' me. For a bit she says nothing. Then she says, 'Desmond,' she says, 'do you know anything about love.' Well, I was that taken aback. 'Why, I've seen a few ports,' I says, cautious"

He produced a wallet; then, with great care, a frayed slip of paper.

"Same identical bit o' paper," he said solemnly. He handed it over.

I took the paper. It was yellow, stained, almost in pieces. I opened it out on my pillow. I saw several lines of thin, spidery writing; a faded, rusty red.

I deciphered them with difficulty:

Desmond—Food almost exhausted. Never would you permit my sacrifice. I go alone—proudly. Your—Pamela.

I felt a lump rise into my throat. I refolded the paper.

"So she——" I began, handing it back.

Jonesey took the paper and he stared dumbly at the grey, heat-laden sky through the fo'c's'le door.

"I never set eyes on her again," he said. "She jest went. Like my albatross——"

"You can't just disappear off an island" I said, "Unless you're a winged angel!"

Jonesey shook his head.

"I reckon she jest walked out into the lagoon, with her eyes on the moon. The water's warm and soft on them islands; like silk."

There was a short silence. A deck hand rolled off the hatch; shuffled in bamboo sandals across the hot plates towards the fo'c's'le door.

Jonesey pushed the piece of paper gently into the wallet.

He replaced his box.

"I missed her!" he said. "You got no idea! I was on that island six months before I seen a lugger. She called in for fresh food.

"There was enough food on that island to outlast creation!"

END

EDWARD
VIMONT
1945

What Next

Which Party and Which the Reins of Power in

"ATTLEE'S resigned, and Acland is trying to form a Ministry."

The soldier sat up, blinking.

"Attlee? Acland?" He rubbed his eyes. "I must have dozed off. I got tired, wondering which way to vote."

The newsman looked at him interestedly. "What did you decide?"

"Oh, I thought I'd go Socialist, but then I thought of old Churchill chugging across the Rhine—you should have seen him, cigar stuck in his face like a gun—and I thought, what the hell, he's seen us through, I'll see him through."

The newsman's cynical face creased in a grin. "The personal touch. Ah, youth! But you're grown-up now. You're thirty-two. This is the spring of '55. You've slept away ten years. All that's left of Churchill lies under a stone in Westminster Abbey. He was two years off eighty—not bad for an over-weight man who's lived his life. But I was telling you . . . Acland has offered the Treasury to Cripps, and the Foreign Office to old Tom Wintringham, bless his bald head. Aneurin Bevan wanted the Treasury, but he won't get more than the Labour Ministry. Gallacher may be Lord Privy Seal—they like the old fellow, but won't give him a department. The Tories wish they would. They think it 'ud speed their return."

Lord Beaverbrook has been yeast in the dough of British politics for thirty-five years. He is seen in the above picture with his son, Wing Commander the Hon. Max Aitken, D.S.O., who is prospective Tory candidate for Holborn in the next election

Clement Attlee heads the Labour Party, and will be Premier if, and when, a majority of citizens vote Labour

The soldier could not get Churchill out of his mind. "What happened that time?"

"Oh, he won. Not a big majority. But then troubles piled up. Houses, jobs, wages, controls, debts, money. Britain couldn't recapture prosperity. People said Churchill was a grand war leader, but he'd over-stayed his welcome. In the end, it was the Lloyd George story over again. You wouldn't remember that—you weren't born.

"But after the first World War, there he was: national hero, personal dictator, surrounded by what he called his 'first-class brains,' Winston among them. Four years later, everything went wrong. A post-war boom collapsed. On top of it, George wanted to send an army to fight the Turks. That finished him.

Lord Woolton, who heads the research team which is blueprinting the Britain of To-morrow. He has the common sense of a practical business man who has had to guide big businesses and show results

In Britain?

Leader Will Hold the Near Future?

By C. Patrick Thompson

"Same with Churchill. He was bogged in a domestic economic crisis, when Asiatic nationalism started exploding on a bigger scale than after the first World War—and that time we had trouble in India, Burma, Egypt, Iraq, and an Afghan frontier war. This time it squibbed off all the way from Palestine to Malaya and Hong Kong. Churchill couldn't get a majority for the strong arm, and Labour came in."

I did not draw that ten-year pattern. It is sketched to the forecast of a Left-oriented political correspondent with whom I was discussing the probable future curve of the Churchillian fortunes. It seems coloured by some wishful thinking. You may note an over-drawn comparison between Churchill and Lloyd George. George rode into the post-war world based self-confidently on personal popularity and without a party—he had torpedoed his Liberal Party, and the Conservatives viewed him as a cuckoo in their nest. Churchill, a good learner, hastened to make himself chief of the Conservative Party while the sun shone on him.

One fairly safe bet about to-morrow is that women M.P.s will increase. Nearly one hundred women have been adopted as candidates or are on the available-for-selection lists of six parties. The above picture shows four prominent women members of the present Parliament. (Reading left to right) Mrs. M. C. Tate, Dr. Edith Summerskill, Viscountess Astor, who has announced that she will not put up for the next election, and Mrs. J. L. Adamson

Mr. and Mrs. Bevin. He could scarcely, in 1926, have glimpsed himself as Minister of Labour and National Service in a war-time government.

Sir Richard Acland, leader of the Common Wealth Party. In due time hopes to move his family into 10 Downing Street and take a job worth £10,000 a year, plus expenses

But any one interested in world affairs, and current symptoms, can gather a handful of thread ends, draw them out into the future, and weave a score of alternative patterns. All he has to do is guess at the tide of future events, and remember that politicians don't make events, but events make—and break—politicians.

Political forecasting anyway is a headache now because, while America and every other democracy have had testing elections during the last decade, Britain has been living in a political vacuum since 1935, and under a Coalition National Government with several Premiers, and innumerable changes of Ministers—since 1931. The current Government is so large, and has been shuffled, and re-shuffled, so often, that few citizens can reel off the names of the nine War Cabinet members, let alone those of the thirty other Ministers, and the junior office holders.

Seven million citizens under thirty have never voted, being too young at the last election ten years ago. Few adhere to any of the established parties, which partly explains the abnormal success of independent candidates.

By the gauge of by-elections—around 100 since the present parliament was elected in 1935—the electors are swinging Left. But that's normal. Political pendulums swing. In America, after eleven years of a radical New Deal, the pendulum is swinging Right—the swing was marked before Roosevelt died, and that great politician swung with it. (*Continued on page* 52)

Passengers landing from the cross-Channel packet at Dover in 1836
(Reproduced from a sketch by William Heath, published in 1836)

Cross-Channel Cavalcade

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE solitary cross-Channel steamer which reopened passenger traffic between England and France after a total stoppage of fifty-five months may be likened to a marine pathfinder. Alone she sails (at this writing, still zigzags) as if pioneering for the new-style ships, planes and ferries which, with the gradual advent of normality, should provide a transformation as radical as any in the romantic history of the Channel crossing.

The signs are about that a milestone has been reached as decisive as the change from sail-boat to paddle-steamer, and more decisive than the subsequent changes from paddle to screw propulsion and its perfected offspring, the turbine engine. In its latest metamorphosis, the cross-Channel packet will be the replica of a liner whose externals and interior have been modelled to correspond to a tonnage of from three to four thousand : imagine a *Queen Mary* reduced to that scale and you get an idea of what the builders have in mind. But a miniature "Mary" without lavish embellishments. The days of Louis Quinze suites are gone even in liners, after the shortest and most vulgar reign.

The "Ondine" entering Dover. This vessel of 260 *tons was built in* 1844 *and was one of the fastest in the cross-Channel service. She was acquired by the Admiralty in* 1847 *and renamed "Undine" Was chartered by the "Morning Herald" for the purpose of bringing their Continental dispatches from Boulogne to Dover*

The London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company's steamer "Calais-Douvres." This was the second and last of the experimental twin-hulled steamers and it was very popular with the travelling public of 1878. *She was withdrawn from the cross-Channel service in* 1887, *and sold to a firm of coal merchants*

Keynote of the new packets will be the extraction from the sea crossing of maximum comfort for the largest number. The idea of an uncomfortable third class just because it costs less, is fast receding. The companies realize that the "expensive" class of travellers will increasingly use the air. So they must concentrate on the average traveller and on a new type—for want of a better term, the proletarian traveller.

This supposes that the fleet air passage is not going to conquer all, as between England and the Continent, and I don't believe for a moment that it is. They can say what they like about the Channel crossing—seasickness, shivering, overcrowding, ticket and passport badgering, gangway trouble and landing crush. I've yet to see a child dancing for joy in an aeroplane, as on setting foot on the deck of a Channel steamer. Or the aerial equivalent of a couple questing ahead, right forward in the bow, a sense of "away" and adventure kindling in them. No, the air hasn't such tang. Air travel is tame and uninspiring and boring compared with the sea, and as for when they have to use their nose-bags . . .

In writing so, I'm reminded of how Flaubert used to rail at the railways. A powerful case could be made out that we haven't yet caught up with their speed, from the spiritual and social standpoint, and that this lightning air travel all over the place has come too soon for the limited human intelligence to cope with it. Yet all that is on a different plane. No one is going to put a brake on the aeroplane, though many may want to. The point here, is its place in cross-Channel traffic "in our time," and plans are being formed on the basis that the air will promote extra travel and is unlikely to put a single packet out of business.

Then there is a third development on the *tapis*—or at any rate so it was in 1939. I take this from *English Channel Packet Boats*, a sort of cavalcade by Messrs. Grasemann and McLachlan, which the Southern Railway lent me :

"To predict the future of cross-Channel shipping would be unwise, in view of the developments now taking place, including the construction of petrol- or diesel-driven semi-hydroplane craft, large enough to carry fifty people (*Continued on page* 68)

Little Ships

And The Brave Men Who Went Down To The Sea In Them

By Frank H. Shaw

THE Medical Board refused to pass Ralph Endsleigh for further service; and the Appointments Board agreed, though he bombarded them with requests for employment.

"A man with one leg isn't much use at sea," Ralph was told. "And with your pension. . . ."

He urged that the R.A.F. had a better idea of a man's capacity. Loss of one leg —even of two—didn't seem a permanent barrier. But, according to Authority, seafaring was different; it called for spryer activity, as, for example, on the reeling deck of a "light coastal craft" dodging an air-attack in a white-lipped sea-flurry.

"You've done very well," Ralph was informed. "It is a pity—but. . . ."

Even the D.S.C. he won for the brisk action with E-boats which cost him his leg, didn't satisfy him. Mary Kemble said it made no difference to her. "I'd go on loving you in an iron lung," was how she put it. "Can't you be satisfied—you've done your share."

"Dry-docked—at twenty-five!" mourned Ralph. "And you . . ." As Mary was a Wren, coxwain of an Admiral's barge, he felt inferiority at work inside him. "They didn't even offer me a boom-control job; seemed to think I would *like* a life on a two-striper's pension; and you know what that is. Not that the cash matters; only . . ."

Henry Endsleigh had a solution. "Get to work at the yard," he recommended. "It isn't just the fighting ships that'll matter presently. I've always tried to see a couple of looks ahead of the next man; and the way I visualize the future there'll be a cry for little ships and shoals of them, before we know where we are."

The Endsleigh boat-building yard had grown half-derelict before war came to invigorate its torpidity. Never intended to turn out anything more important than a pleasure yacht, it had been required to turn its activity into the output of ships' lifeboats, and barges; but the need for fireproof lifeboats in merchant ships—after bitter experience had proved their worth—slowed down the output. The Endsleigh yard wasn't equipped for large-scale metal-working. There'd been Endsleighs building wooden ships since the Battle of Sluys was fought in cogs and galleasses of their building.

SO Ralph, growing slowly accustomed to a patent artificial leg which certainly hampered his liveliness, stumped around the tar-scented yard and watched more active men than himself shape timbers and create solid barge-like craft that appeared to have no immediate purpose in the great scheme of the war.

"What's it all about?" he asked his father.

"Little ships? Has it ever struck you, lad, that a whole Continent will need to be fed once we sweep through Europe? There won't be big ships enough to do that job. They'll be wanted to take men and guns and the like across the Ditch. And out to the Pacific, after Europe's cleaned up, if I know anything. Little ships can go where big 'uns can't, Ralph. They can sneak across the Channel when bigger ships would be weather-bound or sunk. Who's going to worry over this sort of thing?" He slapped the bows of a stumpy boat that would have turned a peacetime yachtsman derisive.

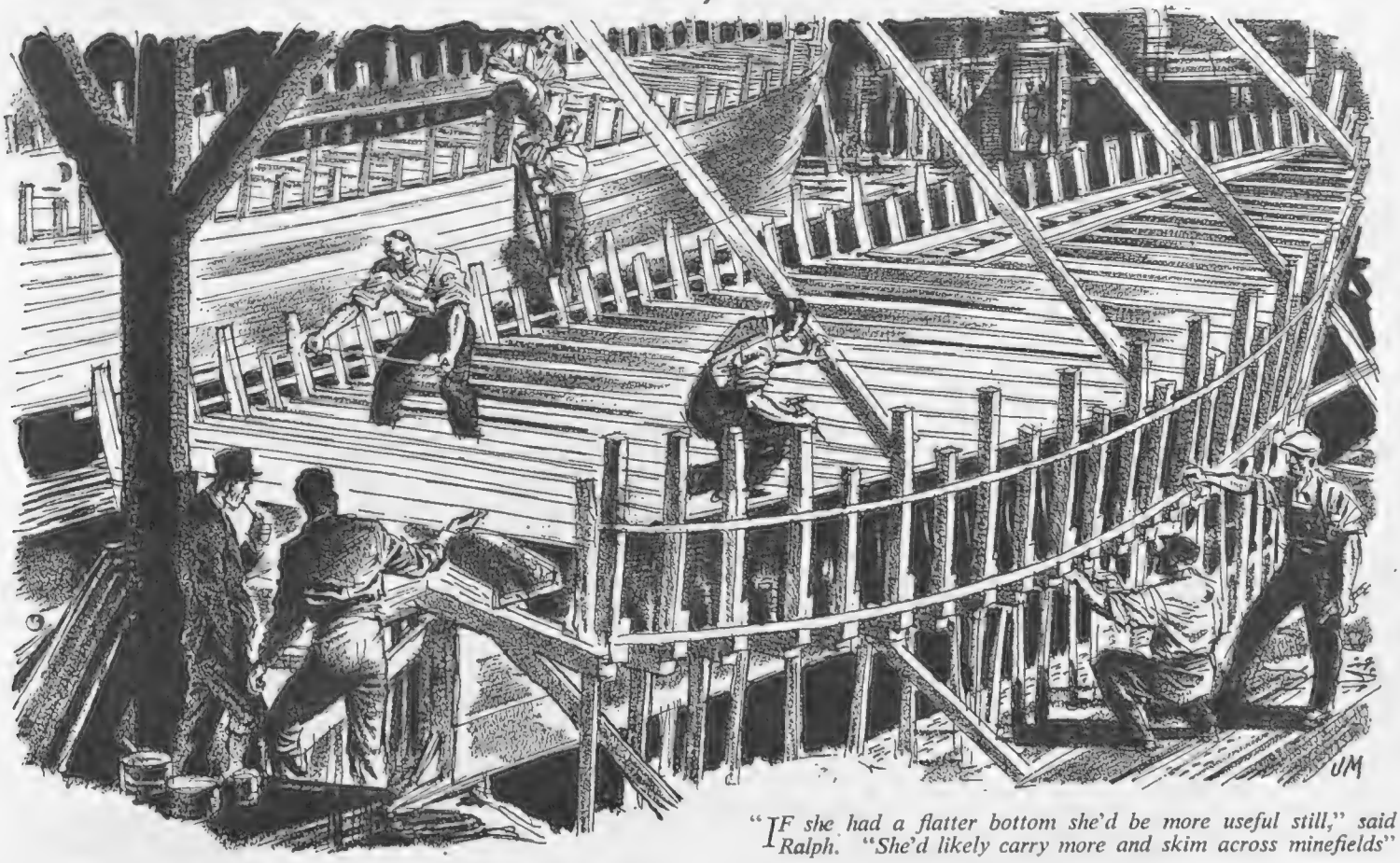
"Put a condemned motor-car's engines into this packet, and she'll creep along at five knots for a month of Sundays," he said. "This one's built out of bomb debris mostly. Nothing wasted, you see."

"I see," perpended Ralph brightening. "But if she had a flatter bottom she'd be more useful still; she'd likely carry more and skim across minefields." He hobbled away to the drawing office and, seeing visions, sketched out a design. Explaining this to his father he commented :

"Endsleigh boats are built for sailing mostly; but when you carry no canvas, what's the need for deep keels? Those MTB's I served in could skid across country after a decent fall of dew. Tin-fish go underneath them. They'll spin round like a top if an aircraft dives."

"Maybe you're right," agreed Henry Endsleigh. "We're an old-fashioned firm. Besides, your idea would save timber, that means more ships for what they're worth."

Illustrations by Jack Matthew



"IF she had a flatter bottom she'd be more useful still," said Ralph. "She'd likely carry more and skim across minefields"

Even so, pottering about the tar- and turpentine-scented slips didn't compensate for the wild night chases, the fierce engagements with the shadowy enemy silhouetted by star-shells against the blackness; the fury and frenzy of it all. There were times when Ralph felt inclined to blush and dodge down side streets when he saw men of his own recent trade carrying proud uniforms along the streets of the once-forgotten little port when he made his limp more pronounced, in case they might dub him a shirker. He knew exactly how he himself had felt in his prime when faced with careless civilians, who didn't appear to care a cat's curse what happened to England, so long as their own bellies were lined and their own houses left standing. Thinking of such smug shirkers reminded him of the agonies Europe was undergoing. "We might as well get into training," he told his father.

Henry Endsleigh had his own quarrel with a life that dubbed a man of sixty too old to play a fighting part in Armageddon. He sympathized with his one-legged son.

"Just what's the idea?" he asked.

"This new flatboat—the *Mary K*. I've picked up a peach of an engine, noiseless, pretty near. A Wellesley Ghost. Suppose the *Mary K* satisfies on her trials, how about me taking her across—somewhere. I learnt to know the coasts on the other side pretty well when we daundered around them before the war; and navigation's always gripped me. I could load up with a few things. . . ."

The best he could get for the completed *Mary K* was a couple of heavy machine-guns, just in case; but then an R.A.F. man whom he had picked up after four days in a rubber dinghy came visiting, and told him where he fancied he could get a 36-mm. cannon from a crashed aircraft.

By the time Ralph had finished with the *Mary K* she bristled, as to her deck, like a porcupine. The Wellesley Ghost engine was exquisitely silent, too; and even on flat-calm nights the lisp of water under the *Mary K*'s square bow was hardly audible a cable's-length away.

"I doubt if we'll be allowed to take food across, all the same," said Henry Endsleigh. But Ralph, by virtue of his past record, made a point of interviewing the local Food Controller, who asked questions, and got answers. In common with most other villages on the East Coast, Shoalhaven had been stocked with anti-invasion stores in reserve. Invasion was a possibility now to be jeered at, the Hun having missed the boat for good.

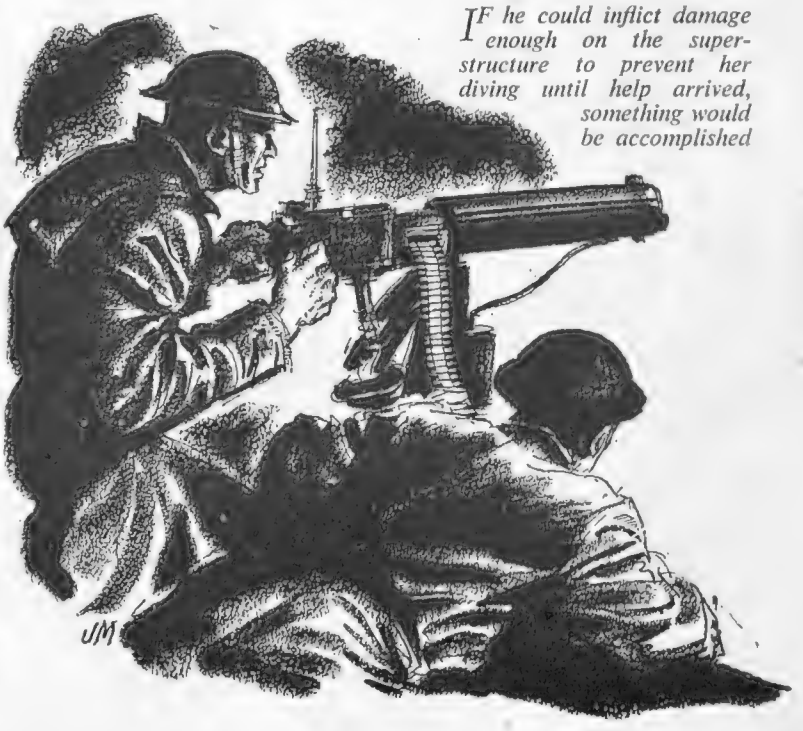
THUS Ralph began a dual life. It meant limiting his opportunities for meeting Mary during her brief leaves; but Mary understood and was enthusiastic. By day the ex-R.N.V.R. two-striper stumped about the yard among the chips and shavings, and by night he took the *Mary K* out to sea, with such volunteers as he could find to help him.

It was Holland that played North Star to Ralph's magnet. He pored over intricate charts at every available moment, refreshing his memory of this shoal and that shifting sandbank, of the scour of a tide here, of a backwash there.

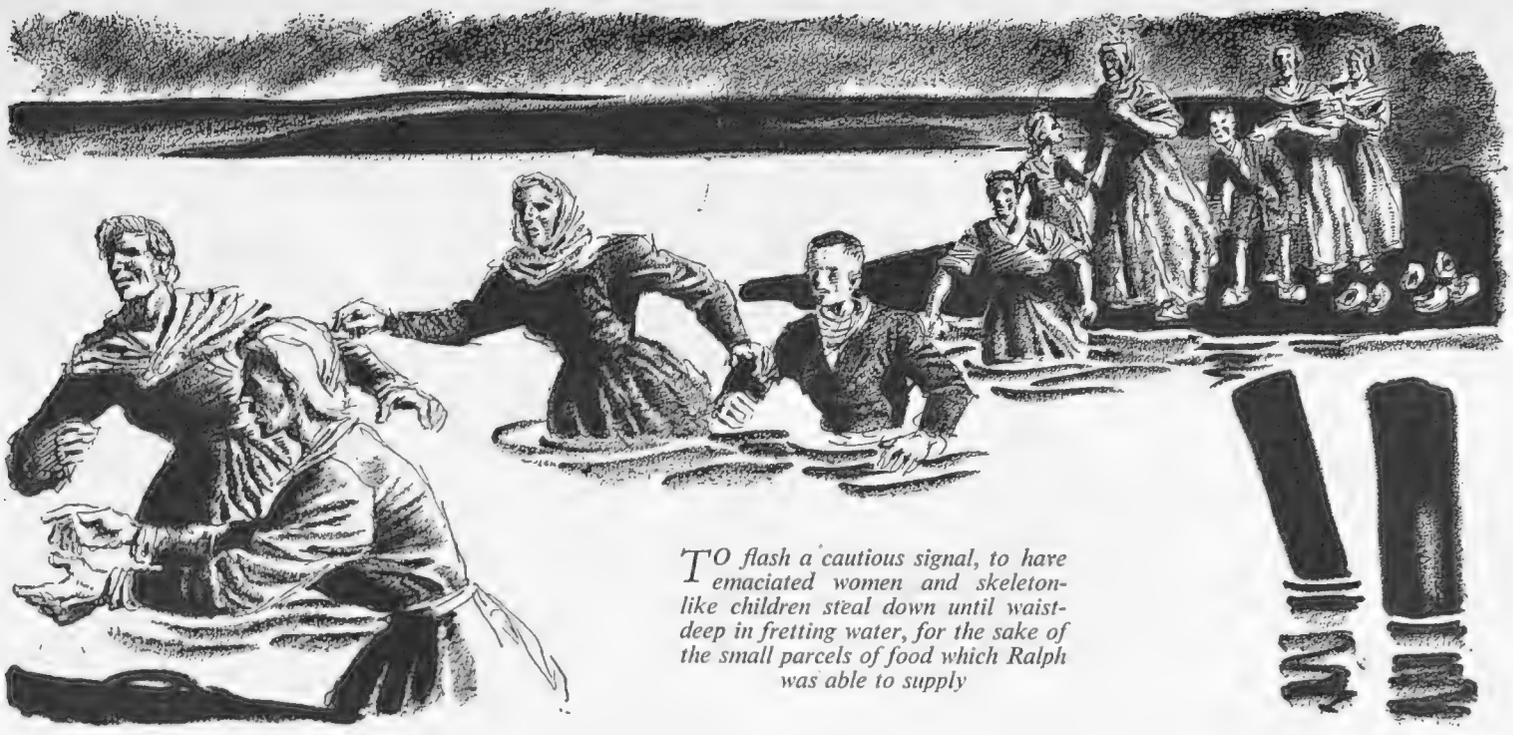
He admitted that it promised equal excitement with hunting E-boats. True, there was scant chance of hectic action, with the red-flashing guns stabbing viciously from the misted gloom and the shells screaming overhead. But there was that breathless creeping through the obscurity; the constant alertness, the stopping of the engine in case the whiteness of the arrow-straight wake might reveal itself to a hostile aircraft overhead; the sense of gay excitement and "who cares a damn?"

The *Mary K* began to do worthwhile work, too. It was something to creep like a shadow past the frowning coastwise guns and find a haven in a creek that at certain states of the tide was nothing but a mud-flat; to flash a cautious signal, to have emaciated women and skeleton-like children steal down until waist-deep in fretting water, for the sake of the small parcels of food which he was able to supply. Even a one-legged no-good could feel a sympathetic thrill as his muddied hands were snatched and kissed. Even an affectedly callous opportunist could know a throat-thickening when he heard the restrained sobs of grateful Dutch folks, who had been condemned to slow stravation. Nor did the *Mary K* always return empty. There were shot-down Allied airmen who had been secreted near the places of their misfortune; wounded, burnt men, who had been compelled to hide like rats as the hue and cry quickened around them. Hollanders sought by the Gestapo for sabotage —daring, defiant work—also came within Ralph's growing orbit.

Yet, even so, he hesitated with a mild dread to meet Mary's father, who happened to be an Admiral, young for his rank, but an Admiral nevertheless. The Kembles were Service-people-plus; and Thomas Kemble had been inclined to scoff at temporary



IF he could inflict damage enough on the superstructure to prevent her diving until help arrived, something would be accomplished



TO flash a cautious signal, to have emaciated women and skeleton-like children steal down until waist-deep in fretting water, for the sake of the small parcels of food which Ralph was able to supply

naval officers who couldn't—simply couldn't—understand the deep-seated traditions of the White Ensign. He'd hoped his only daughter would marry a rising young Commander, already listed for early promotion; and so maintain an unbroken record. And Ralph, notwithstanding all his activities, open and clandestine, was nothing but a civilian, whichever way you looked at him.

When, in snatched moments, Ralph contrived to meet Mary and voiced such doubts, she kissed him fervently and laughed between the kisses:

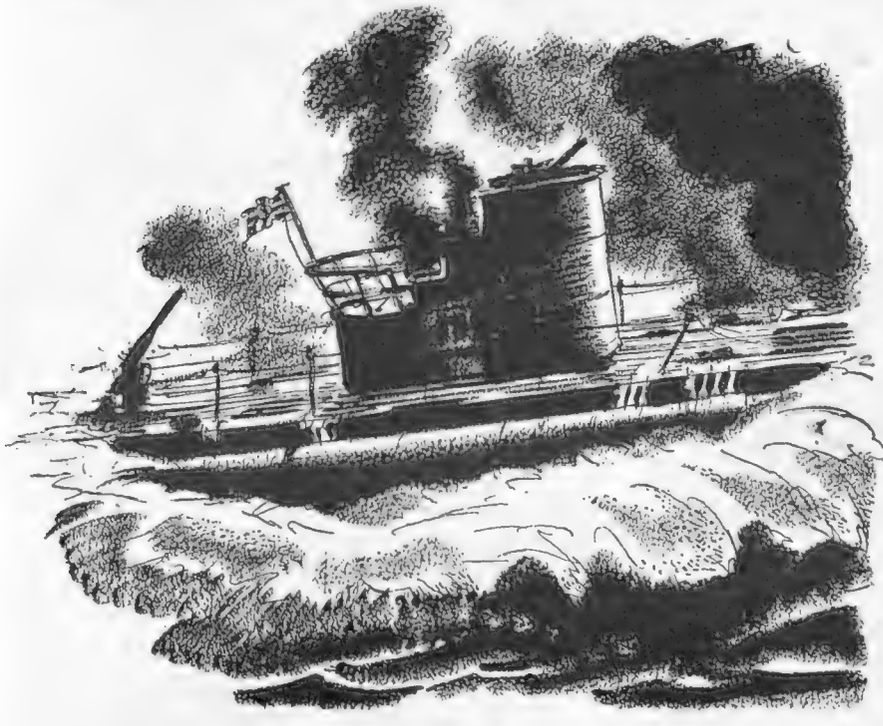
"Trust me to twist Daddy round any finger I like! If you wish I'll marry you tomorrow and chance the ducks. You're doing things a lot of N.O's would give their back teeth to do."

Ralph had told her as much as he thought proper of his adventures. But he set aside the idea of immediate marriage. There was too much hole-and-corner work across on the Dutch coast to let him like it in England. Even when Mary said that the Commander—she put out a derisive pink tongue when mentioning him—had been transferred to an office job, which gave him more facilities to visit the Base which Admiral Kemble commanded—Ralph demurred.

"If I can't get you squarely I'll try permanent bachelorhood," he said.

But his immediate activities prompted him to find another Wellesley Ghost engine, which fitted neatly alongside the other in the *Mary K*. And Henry Endsleigh entered into the spirit of the thing; he visited Whitehall and talked with brass hats for the good of their souls, and returned with a kind of letter-of-marque which allowed him to annoy the enemy by any means in his power. He took this commission literally; and scouted round the backwaters of the East Coast until he found semi-derelict tugs and ferryboats and pleasure-craft laid up on the mud; and these he bought up and conveyed to the Endsleigh yard for refit. It was surprising how little work was needed on most of them—because the Endsleigh yard was learning fast. Ralph developed an aptitude as a designer—this enabled him to rest his overtaxed leg, which sometimes hurt excruciatingly—and acquired a ferretlike ability to discover old engines, rusting on scrap-heaps, some of them—which, furbished and cleaned, served admirably for giving power to the increasing fleet of little ships.

Locals thought a European invasion was meditated; but Henry and Ralph Endsleigh kept their own counsel. More and more was the demand for big ships growing as the Allied armies stormed their impetuous way across Europe. More and more would the little ships find a use once the aftermath of war shut down on the liberated zones, too excited at first to consider their own misfortunes, exalted only by the thoughts of blessed, miraculous freedom.



ONE pearly dawn the *Mary K* returned with her upperworks like a colander. "We spotted a midget submarine," Ralph explained. "That new searchlight I fitted works like a charm. I thought I heard a chugging and switched on the beam—there he was. He let drive at me; but that 36-mm. cannon is a gem. Yes—he blew up; no survivor that I saw. But an escorting E-boat came along, and —well, we got what he had to give us. Then we gave him our contribution and he ran like a shark."

Out from the hold of the *Mary K* he brought a clutch of weary airmen. There was also a Hollander of great importance, who needed advice from his London-based superiors, and who chose this way of getting it. He was loud in his praises of the *Mary K* and her master. He also had the skeleton of a plan whereby more of the waiting little ships could be put into useful employment. His visit almost coincided with a prolonged spell of foggy, evil weather; and presently Ralph found himself piloting a miniature flotilla of small craft across to Europe. By the time half a dozen trips had been accomplished Ralph found himself forgetting he was merely a one-flippered civilian.

Then he fought a hot action with a predatory Heinkel; and as he had used his wits to fit the 36-mm. cannon to a high-angle mounting, was fortunate enough to shoot the marauder down, though the *Mary K* pretty nearly capsized to the crash of the falling bombs. It seemed urgent to destroy the Hun, because not only was the *Mary K's* shallow hold full of escaping refugees; one or two of these carried plans for enlarged activity by the Underground, and also a treasure in recovered diamonds.

A stretch of brilliant moonlit nights gave Ralph opportunity to overhaul his (*Continued on page* 56)

Link boys carried torches through the choking fogs to guide bewildered citizens to their homes

I Liked My Home Town

A Londoner's Reminiscences of the 1890s

By Harry J. Greenwall

I AM a Londoner, but what I call my home town is just a section of London, a *quartier* that used to lie on the edge of St. John's Wood, a triangle of territory which as time ebbs becomes as dear to me as memory's apron strings can make it.

Why is it, I wonder, that the summer days of the dull nineties (not naughty, but nice) appear, mirrored in memory as being so much hotter than the current summer days. Thinking back, the summer skies seem to have been perpetually blue; the browning seed of the lime trees lay like fatigued angle worms on the burning pavement. Elderly gentlemen carried large blue umbrellas to keep off the sun.

If the summers of long ago can be memorized as so much more summery, it is equally true that the winters of those times were more wintry. The "pea soup" season came in November, when link boys carried torches through the choking fogs to guide bewildered citizens to their homes. The elderly who ventured abroad, and in those days age began at forty, wore black respirators over their mouths fastened round the backs of their necks with elastic. Often they did not walk, but took gentle "carriage exercise" in a bath chair.

But spring was the time in my home town. Were there ever such showers of may trees all foaming white, such cascades of yellow laburnum?

The streets were full of exciting things. Small boys whistling snatches from the young Italian composer Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which the barrel organs were just popularizing, turned to jeer at men riding the new-fangled penny-farthing bicycle, perched on a high front wheel, the "penny," with the "farthing" behind. "Git yer 'air cut!" they yelled, in the street humour of the day. "Where did yer get that 'at?" was another piece of sparkling wit, both, incidentally, from comic songs of the day. We never even turned our heads to look back at the milk-maids, they were common objects in my home town. Buxom wenches from the countryside way out around Cricklewood, very likely, with two large pails of frothy milk hanging each side, suspended from a wooden halter across the shoulders, with a piece scooped out to fit the back of the neck.

As you walked about and turned a corner you were apt to come upon a real German band from the Fatherland, blaring away, with beads of sweat glistening on the foreheads of the perspiring players. At another corner there would be a Punch and Judy show, with Dog Toby in a frilled collar so patiently waiting his cue. You could never not know when it was the First of May, because of the Jack i' the Greens, survivors from pagan days, men covered in laurel leaves and ivy who danced to the shrill of the pipes.

When I played in the back garden of our house I used sometimes to look up and see over the garden wall a stooping, black-haired, spectacled man riding a horse up the side of a hill that sloped past the garden wall. The man was Israel Zangwill, whose books were "all the rage" as the saying was. He lived on the outskirts of my home town and hired his horse from the local bait and livery stable. People (*Continued on page 56*)

The milkmaids were buxom wenches from the countryside way out around Cricklewood, very likely, with two large pails of frothy milk hanging each side, suspended from a wooden halter across the shoulders

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

You could never not know when it was the First of May, because of the Jack i' the Greens, survivors from pagan days, men covered in laurel leaves and ivy who danced to the shrill of the pipes

Old Tales Re-told

Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

Will Somers. He would burlesque and parody the speech of some pompous dignitary of the Church, till the whole Court held its aching sides with laughter

The Beloved Fool

Will Somers — Jester to King Henry VIII

OF all the clowns and jesters whose names have been preserved for posterity, none is so well worth our interest as Will Somers, Court fool to King Henry VIII.

Not only had he a very real influence over the King on account of his sagacity and shrewd knowledge of affairs, but he was more beloved by the common people than any other member of the Court.

This was a most unusual combination of qualities, as we shall soon see if we examine the records of other outstanding members of his curious calling. Lobe, his predecessor, enjoyed much popularity, but was never at any time rated higher than a kind of amusing chattel. Archie Armstrong, jester to Charles the First, had sufficient influence over his master to enable him to meddle in politics and the religious problems of his day. But he earned for himself nothing but the hatred and hostility of all classes. Will Somers, who used his power for the good of others, and whose head was never turned by his popularity, remains for all time a paragon of his profession.

Little is known of his origin, or even of how he came to occupy the post of Court jester. Tradition says that, when first presented to the King at Greenwich, on a holy day, he was so overcome with shyness that he had to be coaxed "with much ado" to shake the proffered royal hand. This anecdote seems so much at variance with his character and general demeanour as to be scarcely credible. He had such sublime gifts of ready wit and self-possession that it was almost impossible to put him out of countenance. Perhaps, however, he was very young at the time. Perhaps, too, he was genuinely overcome by emotion at first sight of the royal master whom he was destined to serve with such fidelity and affection.

This affection, fortunately, was reciprocated in the strongest degree. To his dying day, Henry retained Will Somers at his side, gave him his confidence and listened to his advice, saw that he had every comfort and luxury and treated him always as an intimate friend. (Perhaps the only one he ever knew. Certainly the most genuine and sincere.) When tired or depressed after long sessions of his Privy Council, he would send for his jester, and Will never failed to dispel his melancholy with some diverting trick and send him to bed at peace with the world.

Apart from his many noble qualities as a man, his intelligence, tact and ready sympathy, Will Somers had tremendous natural assets as a jester. He could tumble and juggle and pull the most comical faces of any buffoon alive. He was a born mimic and knew all the tricks of the stage clown. He would burlesque and parody the speech of some pompous Church dignitary till the whole Court held its aching sides with laughter. And his wit and repartee were proverbial. Many examples have been preserved for us, both in the State records and by his biographer Robert Armin.

One of his best-known witticisms is the reply he gave to a miller who was abusing him for his refusal to pay an extortionate bill. He remarked that "he thought there was nothing he could imagine

Whilst out riding together, the King, Cardinal Wolsey and Will Somers indulge in some repartee in verse The King was no mean hand at this accomplishment

more valiant than the collar of a miller's shirt; who, asking him what reason he had to think so, made answer: 'Marry, because every morning it hath a thief by the neck!'"

He was the originator of the riddle. It was a custom of his to retire behind the arras and think out three cryptic questions, usually extremely vulgar, which, on emerging, he would propound to the King and challenge him to answer them within a given time.

Another gift he had was that of improvising verse. Henry also was no mean hand at this accomplishment, and the two of them spent many a merry evening capping each other's rhymes.

On one occasion the King, Cardinal Wolsey and Will Somers were out riding together, and happened to pass the house of the woman who was at that time the King's mistress. Henry, as they rode by, declaimed sentimentally:

"Within yon tower
There is a flower
That hath my heart."

He then challenged Will to cap this verse with another in the same metre. Promptly Will improvised some lines which were so unblushingly coarse that the King roared with laughter at his impudence. The Cardinal, however, was exceedingly shocked. Not daring to reprove the jester in plain terms, he couched his rebuke rather cleverly in verse:

"A rod in the school
And a whip for the fool
Are always in season."

But Will Somers, no whit abashed, riposted immediately:

"A halter and a rope
For him that would be Pope
Against all right and reason."

Whereat, says the chronicler, the Cardinal "bit his lip." He hated the jester. And Will hated him.

There had always been a subtle undercurrent of enmity between these two royal favourites. But whereas Wolsey's feeling was pure jealousy, Will was inspired by indignation at the Cardinal's arrogant and extortionate treatment of the poor. Once, by a cunningly-phrased wager, he tricked him into payment of a debt of ten pounds, which he had owed a poor woman for years and probably had no intention of paying. "The King," says Armin, "laught at the jest, and so did the Cardinal for a shew, but it grieved him to jest away ten pounds so. Yet more tricks than this Will Somers served him after."

WOLSEY'S avarice was a perpetual bone of contention between him and his sovereign. The King had long suspected him of hoarding vast sums in his private vaults, but in spite of several attempts, had failed to obtain definite proof. It was Will Somers who accidentally laid bare the Cardinal's secret, and thus became a contributor to his downfall. He had gone to visit his cousin Patch. Now Patch, by a somewhat odd coincidence, had become chief jester to the Cardinal. He was a pampered favourite and had free run of the palace and all his master's property. What more natural, then, than that he should take his distinguished visitor down to the cellars in order to entertain him fittingly?

They spent an hour or two in grand carousal. Will became very merry indeed.

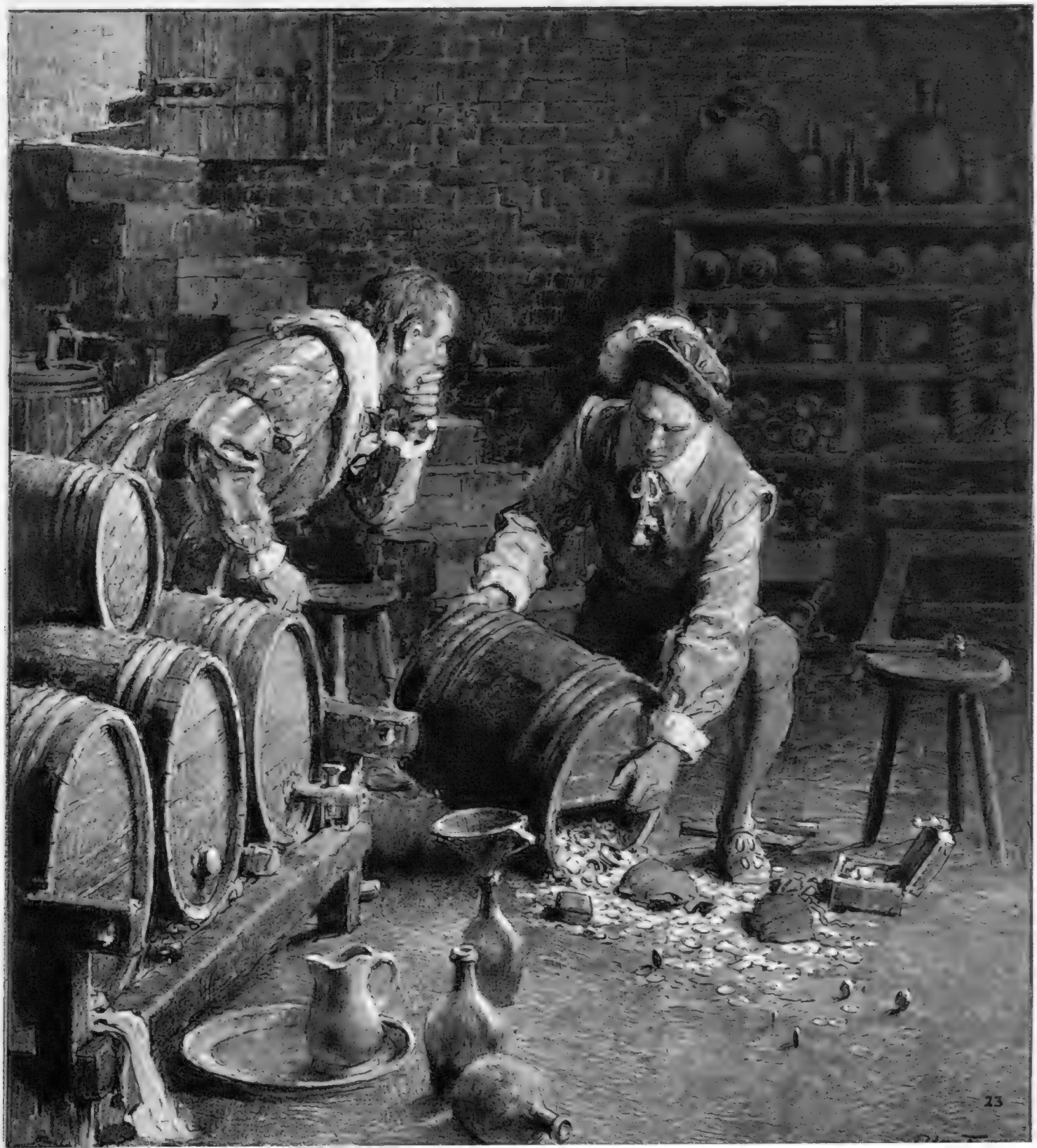
"Good cousin," quoth he, "broach me another hogshead, for I am most royally athirst."

Patch and Somers broke open the winecask in the cellar of Cardinal Wolsey and found it full of gold

"Right willingly," said Patch, and went to tap a fresh cask.

"Devil take the thing!" he exclaimed a moment later. "What ails it that the wine will not flow?"

"Not flow?" roared Will. "Marry, but it shall flow for me, for I know a proper way to coax it." With that he picked up a cudgel and, with a mighty crash, stove in the end of the cask. *Still*, to their huge astonishment, no wine issued forth. Yet it could not be empty, for it was far too heavy. They broke it open further and peered inside. *It was full of gold*. Eagerly they forced open other casks, to find in each case that they were being used to store treasure of every description. Sobered by this momentous discovery, Will ran at once to inform the King. This was the match which fired the powder-train and caused the final flare-up in which Wolsey was disgraced.



As for Patch, he was presented by Wolsey to the King. It is possible that by this means he hoped to ingratiate himself again, for tradition says that he valued his fool at a thousand pounds. Had this been his intention, however, it was doomed to failure, for Patch himself protested most lustily against this transference of his person and services. We are told that he had to be dragged bodily from the Cardinal's side, and that it took six tall yeomen to do it. Only the unexpected kindness of Will Somers reconciled him to his fate. Instead of flying into a jealous rage at the advent of a potential rival, Will took him by the hand and showed him over the Court, talking to him with the utmost tact and sympathy.

His treatment of Patch was no more than might have been expected of this lovable man. There are innumerable tales of his kindness and generosity. But his gifts to the poor were always made with as little ostentation as possible, and he never at any time took undue advantage of the King's friendship.

On one occasion, having been for a long walk in Greenwich Park, he sat down to rest on a stile, and fell asleep. So greatly was he beloved that all the passers-by went quietly away and took another route, so that he might sleep undisturbed. One poor woman, however, did not go away, for she had a mission. Instead, she ran to a cottage near by and fetched a cushion for his back. She put a piece of cord around his body and fastened him to the post, so that when he swayed in his sleep he should not tumble off this insecure perch. Then she took up her position at his side, patiently waiting till he should waken—for all the world, says Armin, as though she were a groom of the bedchamber. This was the curious tableau that confronted Will's old uncle, who had come up from Shropshire to seek his aid in a matter of the most urgent import. The common land adjoining his cottage, a stretch of heath called Terril's Frith, was threatened with enclosure by a local landowner who wanted to increase his estates. Should this summary act be allowed to go unchallenged, what was to become of the smallholders, who would thus have nowhere to graze their beasts? And who was to challenge a powerful lord, save only his overlord the King? And who was so able to intercede with him for the poor and the oppressed as Will Somers, the beloved fool?

When the old man had recovered from his surprise at the strange spectacle, he bade the woman be off, for he had pressing business with his nephew.

"I too, good Sir," said the woman stubbornly. She was tall and dressed all in black. Her haggard face held the remnants of beauty.

"Mine is business that will not wait."

"Nor mine either."

"I am come," burst out the old man angrily, "to plead for my very subsistence."

"And I," said the woman, with pathetic dignity, "for the life of my son." (*Continued on page* 54)

The poor woman, whose hollow eyes had never left his face, read the conflict there. In despair, she fell on her knees

Yueh Fei, a famous Chinese general of the "Sung" dynasty (960-1279). Over 3 ft. in height, this figure is believed to be the largest ever made from a single piece of ivory.

Kuan-Yin, Chinese goddess of mercy. Three feet high and carved in Pekin, probably late sixteenth century. The graceful posture is derived from the natural form of the tusk.

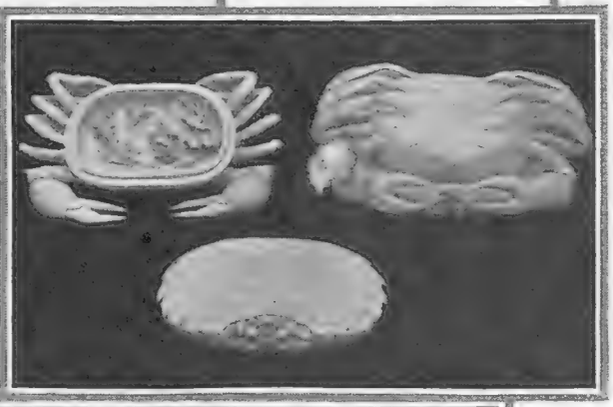
The Heavenly Sisters—an artistic masterpiece, 18 in. high, carved in Pekin, probably early nineteenth century. The way in which TWO figures have been contrived from a single tusk is most remarkable.

The Jewelled Lady, nearly 24 in. high, probably represents a member of the Chinese court; her magnificent flounced robe is bespangled with semi-precious stones. Note the elegant coiffure.

Chinese Art

Beautiful Specimens of Oriental Carved Ivory

(See Note on page 66)



This life-size head of Tibetan origin has been artificially coloured. It demonstrates the use of the hollow portion of an elephant tusk from which the diadem was carved.

(On right above) A pair of carved crabs, each 6½ in. long, representing the fresh-water crabs that abound in Chinese waterways. They are instructive as well as highly decorative; when the upper half is removed, specimens of the plant life on which the crabs feed are revealed.

(On right) The Four Heavenly Kings, each 12 in. high. Each king guards one point of the compass. They are well-known emblems of the Buddhist faith and are commonly seen outside Buddhist temples.

Way Of Salvation

Only Our Children Can Fully Create and Uphold the New Future

By L. Luard

PETER entered the Cypher Room, his heart beating faster. "Hullo, Joan! Had a quiet time?"

"THEY'RE waiting, sir," said the Controller.

Wing Commander Storey closed the door and looked through the sliding glass screen separating him from the Operations Room. He saw his air crews seated on benches in front of the situation map covering the eastern part of the North Atlantic. His were the last words before they became airborne, and he always attempted to mould them to the occasion—never an easy task.

They were forgotten probably a few minutes later, though their cumulative effect over the course of months stamped his operational attitude on their minds. But few realized those words were the prelude to a self-imposed vigil lasting hours, and when things went amiss, sometimes extending over days without respite.

They were his crews, his lives—each, to him, whether good or bad, of infinite worth. Strike Storey was looked upon by many ground officers as a stern, relentless taskmaster, who condoned no carelessness, accepted no compromise, refuted all indolence.

He cleared his throat. "I've not much to say, except this. Make your remaining sorties in Whitleys memorable. Strike hard and strike to kill. Many of you've already done so, and no squadron has a better record. I've not yet had your luck; but it will come one day—perhaps when we're flying Liberators. They're ready at last; and we'll be able to make our presence doubly felt in the Bay. Good luck to you."

His vigil had started, and he watched his crews leave the Operations Room. In an hour, having collected their gear, they would be airborne for the long patrols. Perhaps all would return; perhaps one, or more, would become overdue—missing, finally to be given up as lost. There the matter would end with the struggle to write letters of condolence, or interviews with relatives when all words froze, like icicles, round broken hearts.

He pulled himself together. This was no moment for depression. The long struggle with inadequate aircraft was nearly over. A new phase in U-boat warfare was opening, and the steady increase in striking range and power, accumulating relentlessly, would finally master a menace on which the war depended.

He saw Flight Lieutenant Rose, Captain of R for Robert, still in the Operations Room and moved towards him. "Well, Peter, time you went to the mess for your meal."

"I'll be there in a few minutes, sir."

Storey looked at his clean, open face, revealing all that is best in youth—honesty, determination, simplicity. "Have you forgotten my standing orders?"

"No, sir; I'm only waiting to say good-bye to Joan."

"The exception, I suppose."

"Of course, sir."

"I rarely tolerate exceptions."

For a moment Rose hesitated. Then he saw the suspicion of a faint smile on Storey's face. "I'm only carrying out your precepts, sir."

"Quite right, Peter. Happiness is everything. You'll fly and fight better when you are doing it for someone you love instead of for an abstract principle. Don't wait any longer. You're really fond of her."

Peter's momentary disconcertion vanished. "Is that another standing order, sir?"

"Most certainly."

"Then I'll carry it out." He caught the distant look in Storey's eyes, and realized memory had usurped the present. No wonder some thought him hard and harsh. No man, however, strong, can lose the wife and child he loves and remain unaffected. Those who knew him best understood the solitude of his life.

"We'll do wonders once we get our Liberators," he said, hoping to bring him back to the present.

Storey passed a hand across his forehead. "That's in the future. We can still do wonders with our Whitleys." He walked away, his shoulders squared in that touch of aggression all knew.

Peter entered the Cypher Room, his heart beating faster. "Hullo, Joan! Had a quiet time?"

"Yes; for a change, Peter."

"You're looking quite lovely."

"After a duty night?"

"That makes no difference. You've still the most wonderful blue eyes, and your hair's like rippling corn. You're quite adorable. I want to kiss you."

Section Officer Welby raised a finger to her lips. "Peter, you can't here."

"Can't? Nonsense, darling. I've standing orders to."

"Who from?"

"You ought to know."

"Strike?"

"Of course. No chance of another half stripe if I don't. I'm

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

determined you're going to marry a squadron leader—not a flight lieutenant. You do love me, don't you?"

"I do," she whispered.

He felt the softness of her body against his. "Enough to marry me?"

"Yes ; enough to marry you." She let her face remain close to his, the overriding realities of war swept away.

"Cross your heart, darling," he murmured.

She drew back, symbolizing the words. "For your safety and our future. Peter, do take care. I don't think I could go on living if anything happened to you. Promise me."

"I promise, darling. I'll always love you. I'll never break your heart."

She ran her hands through his hair. "Mine, too, is in your keeping."

He held her in his arms again. "Bless you, darling. I'll take every care. And I'll ring you to-night when I'm back. Remember we've Strike behind us ; he never leaves a stone unturned."

"I know, Peter—I know. He's wonderful. But action and waiting bear no comparison. Fate is so often ruthless, especially to those who have found happiness."

Peter grasped both her hands. "The only thing is to forget fate. Thinking about it doesn't do any good ; one must hope instead."

She said with a touch of bitterness. "Oh ! If words could only create belief, the world would be transformed. But they can't. Too often they mock and deceive. I'm frightened, Peter. The love of God may cast our fear ; but my love for you increases it. Perhaps I haven't enough faith."

"I'll go on giving you faith for ever and ever," he replied. "It will take wings and soar. Strike has it, darling."

She shook her head. "Outwardly ; but I've seen the look in his eyes."

Peter tightened his grip. "I must leave, darling. We're going to be happy. Nothing shall happen."

"Oh, Peter, if I could only believe . . ."

THE Controller read the signal handed him. "Rose in trouble," he said to the Narrative Clerk. "Being attacked by enemy aircraft—Ju 88s probably."

"They're becoming a nuisance, sir," the sergeant returned.

"More than a nuisance. Everyone'll be a sight happier when we get our Liberators."

He drummed his fingers on the table, aware that the short message would be amplified or followed by an S.O.S., or become the prelude to a silence that told its tale. No strong feelings of regret or dismay troubled him. He had experienced these episodes too often ; emotion had been dulled by familiarity, by the necessity of erecting a defensive barrier, against which the arrows of imagination fell shattered.

Five minutes later the S.O.S. came through. "Ditching," the Controller announced presently, and pressed a switch. "Wing Commander Storey to report to Operations Room immediately."

His words reverberated throughout the camp—in the officers' quarters, the mess, the hangers, the outlying huts. Men listened for a brief moment, then went their ways, the words having no personal impact. Others, touched by intuition, knew the finger of fate had moved. Others exclaimed, "Somebody is in trouble—poor devil," their thoughts as varied as the changing colours of light and shade.

"Wing Commander Storey to report to the Operations Room immediately." The words, heard by several hundred men, re-echoed, then dissolved into space.

Storey laid his pen on the desk, half in despair, and reached for his cap. He could never count on more than half an hour a day to himself. Operational needs, supplemented by a never-ceasing web of administration, gave him little leisure. Whenever the Tannoy pronounced his name, his first reaction was to assess the number of crews he had airborne. If all were grounded, he allowed the summons to await his pleasure. But these occasions were rare ! Too often he knew what lay in store.

He half lifted the telephone receiver, then thought better of it. A waste of time. The nature of the call was obvious. Tidying the correspondence on his desk, he hurried to his car and drove to the Operations Room.

"Rose, sir," the Controller said.

"Well?"

"Attacked by enemy aircraft, then sent out an S.O.S. The signal held. A first-class D.F. fix on him. Plumb in the middle of the Bay."

He saw Storey's shoulders straighten ; but his eyes held a touch of despair. "The usual tale, Johnson. Can't you call me for something different? It would make a pleasant change, by heavens ! Four in the last fortnight. Quite sateless."

"Your boys did have a kill yesterday," the other announced.

"They deserved it," Storey said in low tones His voice took

on a hard resonance. "Well, what have you done? Been on to Group? How many search aircraft can I use? Only one? Why?"

"Wanted for a strike, sir," Johnson pursued.

Storey lifted the telephone. "Group Controller, please. That you, Fairfax? Storey speaking. Can't you pull out a finger and give me more than one search aircraft? It's always the same . . . Yes; I know we're short, damn it . . . Later on, perhaps . . ? But minutes are precious. Any surface ships in the area? A homeward-bound destroyer . . . Well, that's a ray of hope. Do what you can. We both know what it means."

He replaced the receiver. "Duty, Navigator!"

"Sir!"

"Worked out a search yet?"

"Pretty well, sir."

Storey's eyes surveyed the young, frail-looking pilot officer wearing glasses. He was obviously unfit for flying. "D'you think it will look pretty to my mind?" he said suddenly.

The other hesitated. "I hope so, sir."

"So do I." Storey bent over the chart, interpreting the situation at a glance. "Quite satisfactory. But add another search leg each side. Always allow an ample margin of safety. Searching and sighting are very different matters."

"Thank you, sir," the Navigator replied.

Storey stiffened. "Thank me? What for? It's for me to thank you. You've done your best, and a good one at that."

He turned to the Controller. "Tell the Duty Officer to order the crew of V for Victor to report to the Operations Room immediately. Briefing in ten minutes."

The Tannoy crackled. Once again the Controller's voice sounded through the Station, rippling over its outward placidity like a stone dropped into the quiet waters of a pond.

Storey, his mind ill at ease, entered the Intelligence Room. "Can I use your phone?"

"Certainly, sir." The Intelligence Officer rose, half making for the door.

"Yes; I'd better be alone, Bates," Storey pursued. He lifted the receiver. "Waaf Officers quarters, please. Section Officer Welby."

He stood, debating. Her resemblance to his wife had drawn him to her, though often the memories evoked overwhelmed. Her honesty and candour, never assertive, were deep grained; her slim figure concealed deceptive powers of endurance.

He heard her voice, and said with forced restraint, "Hullo, Joan, Strike speaking. I don't want you to worry, but Peter's had a spot of trouble."

"Tell me the truth, Strike."

"I will. All I know is he had to ditch; but I'm sure he's all right. The W/T operator had the key clamped a long time. That's always a good sign."

He heard her say quietly, "Not always. Don't deceive me, Strike."

"I'm not. There's a homeward-bound destroyer somewhere in the area. You mustn't really worry."

"Don't ask the impossible. Peter and I became engaged this morning." Her voice took on a rising bitterness. "Why does this always happen? Oh, I'm sorry, Strike—I forgot."

Her ability to remember his tragedy moved him deeply. He came to his decision. "I'm going to search for him myself . . . No; don't thank me. That can wait until I've found him."

He replaced the receiver, opened the door. "Finished, Bates. I'll be ready for briefing in a few minutes."

"You've done more than enough flying lately," the other suggested.

Storey's laugh came forced and hard. "Some can never fly enough. Be a good fellow and tell the Controller to substitute my crew for the other. If I can't find any U-boats, I can at least help those who do."

"I'm afraid you're incorrigible, sir."

"Very different from being infallible."

Bates moved away to carry out Storey's orders. He passed the Duty Navigator and said, "Strike's going to take up V for Victor for a change."

"For a change!" the other repeated, wiping his glasses. "I've never known any one like him."

"Nor have I."

"Never happy unless he's in the air. He'll button it up if any one can. I'd give my soul to be in that fellow's shoes."

"I don't think you would," Bates retorted.

The Navigator looked up—astonished. "Why?"

"You'll want a lot of training to make an Intelligence Officer, Woods."

"But he has all the courage in the world."

"That's true."

"And he doesn't know the meaning of fear."

"Again true." Then Bates added quietly, "But he knows the shadow of despair."

ONCE airborne Storey concentrated on his task. He possessed the power of making and holding to decisions—always a test of leadership. His crew, a team, acknowledged his skill and long experience. Second pilot, navigator, wireless operator and rear gunner worked in complete harmony. They flew

(*Continued on page* 61)

HE sat down facing her. "You know as much as I do. Peter and the others were probably aboard the U-boat I attacked. I'm talking to the point, Joan, because I know you prefer it. The attack had to be made. It was, I believe, successful. But they may have survived"

(Left) More beautiful than the butterflies, the kingfisher sits on a perch overhanging the stream, his plumage of blue and red glistening in the summer sunshine

(Below) A Reed-Warbler surveys its cleverly constructed nest made of soft materials and very deep inside for "safety-first" reasons. Note how the bird holds on to a perpendicular reed

The Little People

Down By The River

By B. Melville Nicholas

THERE is much life these summer days at the riverside, especially where the water dreamily wends its way beneath overhanging willows and the banks are clothed with a riotous profusion of flowers, grasses and weeds. Here it is that the Red Admiral, Tortoise-shell and Painted Lady butterflies love to congregate. But lovely though the butterflies are, who can stay their eyes on them when such a beautiful creature as the kingfisher arrives. There he sits upon a perch overhanging the stream, his plumage of blue and red glistening in the summer sunshine, then he dives head first into the water and in a few seconds returns with an unsuspecting fish firmly held in his beak. I have often marvelled how such a charming creature could emerge from such an unsanitary environment, for the kingfisher's home-life is far from being clean and tidy. The bird builds no nest whatever, but burrows a small tunnel into the river bank at the extreme end of which the hen lays her six or seven white eggs. The most unfortunate thing about the matter, however, is that during the incubation she throws up the indigestible parts of her recent meals, such as the bones and scales of the fish she has consumed, and leaves this smelly mess in her nesting hole. This takes place every day so that long before the young are able to leave the nursery, the atmosphere therein is anything but pleasant.

How different is the yellow wagtail's idea of domestic matters, for in her neat little nest of roots and grasses, cunningly concealed in the riverside vegetation, she looks the personification of cleanliness. With greenish-olive back (*Continued on page* 58)

A long-tailed field-mouse whose hunger pangs sometimes drive it to rob birds' nests

(Left) The little Grebe (or Dabchick) returns to her nest and uncovers her eggs to resume incubation

Shield Of Allah

How Akbar—Keeper of Animals—saved his Life and Pension

By T. Campbell Rogers

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

IT is impossible to tell what goes on in the mind of a tigress—even a queenly tigress like Maharani. One might imagine, watching Her Highness, that she hoped some day to sneak round that arched opening between the cages, crouch back on muscles like tensed steel springs, unsheath her deadly claws, and with a blasting roar that would rattle the iron bars, crash down like a thunderbolt on old Akbar.

If ever her keeper thought that the imperial tigress dreamed such awful day-dreams and licked her chops in anticipation, he certainly did not show the slightest sign of concern as he plodded about his work in the cage.

"You are a beautiful queen," Akbar remarked as he stopped sweeping to straighten his aching old back. "Did not the Commissioner Sahib himself call thee Maharani, O Queen of Queens. To see you many people come; even from far off places they come for thou art indeed a great queen." Akbar took a large pinch of snuff from a battered tin box and sniffed with noisy relish.

Yawning her disdain, the great tigress, whose slanting eyes blinked balefully in the half-light of the inner den, slyly watched as Akbar replaced the snuff box in a fold of his big white turban.

"Even the queens of the Moguls had no greater liberty, or a more devoted servant," he cajoled. "But one I know who cheats in weights—Ah! There is one who should be in jail." Akbar spat his scorn. Muttering imprecations in his beard, he limped over to the area where his sweeping had ceased and resumed the methodical labour.

A gift from the sporting Raja of Sileegouri, Maharani, a raging fury of black and orange gold, was brought in a straining bullock cart to Shalimar gardens.

"Bapree bap! Truly a bad daughter of evil spirits," the sweating coolies agreed when the clawing beast was safely behind iron bars.

"That ferocious daughter of hell shall be cowed," vowed Bepin Babu, the superintendent. "She feeds on meat too strengthening."

"SO, we are thieves that rob the animals of their meat—eh!" he sneered, avidly reading the scrawled petition

But from the very first Akbar treated his queenly charge with the deference due to royalty. Sorting over the raw, red meat, he selected only the choicest pieces and the biggest marrowbones for Her Majesty. At feeding time he placed these on the cemented floor of the whitewashed inner den, then called: "Oh ho! Maharani. Behold thy meat is ready. Truly it is a meal fit for the Empress Mumtaz Begum herself."

Maharani, ears laid back, would flatten her gaudy, striped body to the floor and stalk, silent and intent, along the walls of the wide cage, the tip of her tail twitching. But when her fearful head came sneaking round the corner of the low arch that separated the main cage from her private apartment, only a pile of red meat and white bones awaited her pleasure.

Maharani had never caught Akbar there—yet.

Although bowed from many years of sweeping cages, his walk a stump and a limp, the keeper was still an active man. When Maharani, panting and snarling her displeasure, looked round this inner den, which was once again empty save for her regulation dinner, Akbar was safely outside busily lowering bars that shut the tigress off from the main cage.

"Excellency, this skinny, leathery body of an old man would make but a poor meal for a Maharani," Akbar droned to the murderous beast, watching her with keen eyes that glinted through tangled eyebrows, as she crunched huge bones.

Taking liberal pinches of comforting snuff, Akbar would comment upon his service. "Your food I prepare, to quench your royal thirst I bring sweet water from a distant well, your white palace I clean daily. So good a servant you would not harm—or would you?"

Like disks of green topaz, her great eyes glowed as Maharani would turn to stare for a long moment at her warden. Then with a grunt she would revert to her crunching and growling.

FOR over thirty years Akbar has served the State faithfully. Now his obsessing thought was to complete his lowly service and with a grateful heart, receive the tiny pension that would be his due. He dreamed of leaving Mogulbaree, capital city of the State of Rajpore; of visiting fabulous Calcutta (where the finest snuff in India could be obtained) two days' train journey to the south-east.

Akbar planned then to return to his native village and there idle away his days in the peaceful shade of a mango tree. An incredible heaven to come true—liberation from that back-breaking broom, the eternal sweeping. And he was six months short of that wonderful day of freedom.

"When that day dawns Maharani Mem-sahib," he confided to the regal one, "with a sorrowful heart I shall leave you. May Allah send you as good a servant when I have gone."

AS he ate his evening meal of hot kofta curry and rice in a quiet hut sheltered by tall palm trees, Akbar went over these plans with his patient wife. Many times before had she listened to the story. "Praise Allah that no mischance snatch the bounty of your reward from your enjoyment, my dear husband."

"What reason is there for fear?" Akbar replied, opening the battered snuff box. "Have I not earned my reward by sweating labour."

"You are a stubborn old man, Akbar. Indiscretion often wags your tongue. Have a care, Bepin Babu is powerful. Again I say, have a care how you accuse him."

"Wag not your head at me, woman," Akbar snorted, "I fear no fatted cheat. None can take from me that which I have earned with diligence." He shut the dented box with an aggressive rap.

"It is dangerous to incur the enmity of authority, Akbar; why do this for the sake of a savage animal? What charm is there in this beast?" she scolded. "To a wild tigress you sing songs of slaughter in the Khyber hills—is this not madness! *Toba, toba* (shame, shame)."

Akbar held his peace. *It is not good to argue with an irate wife,* he reflected, rubbing his hawk-like nose.

Brooding in a patch of garden he recalled memories of wild marauding days on the fiery Afghan border. Humbled by an inscrutable kismet to the lowly rank of keeper of animals and sweeper of cages, Akbar was proud of his murderous ward, proud of her untameable spirit that so furiously reflected his own puny rebellion.

But Akbar's wife was right. Bepin Babu was powerful and crafty. Mercilessly and suddenly he struck on a day of happy festival.

THE cool of morning was yet in the perfumed air of Shalimar when a tall, bearded figure slunk behind a brake of laburnums that masked a secluded garden, situated well away from the public grounds. Had Akbar known the purpose of that stealthy visitor, his limping walk would have been less eager as he stumped to work that early morning.

Screened by umbrageous trees, the house that Bepin Babu ruled glowed in the deep shade like a white pearl in an emerald setting. Towards this house the man swiftly headed. Within, the women made busy preparation for Durga Puja festival. Before an open door that looked out on a square of hedged lawn, Bepin Babu sat cross-legged at a sloping desk that stood on legs two inches high. Slowly descending ladders of figures a fat forefinger moved. Heavy jowled, moon-faced and bulky, Bepin Babu was a man of substance,

"MAHARANI, Maharani," he cried and knelt before the tigress, bowing his grey head in the dust

superintendent of Shalimar gardens.

"Salaam, Bepin Babu!" Holding a brass tray piled high with sweets and fruit, the bearded figure bent in respectful salutation in the doorway. "If you will honour my house by acceptance of a small gift for Durga Puja . . ."

Bepin Babu, nodding absently, pointed to the floor while he continued a leisurely scrutiny of his accounts. When the moving forefinger reached the bottom of the last column, the accountant looked up. Again his visitor salaamed. "Guardian of Wisdom, this is but a small gift. May your patronage continue to shelter and to shield."

Swivelling in the direction of the tray, Bepin Babu's bright, protruding eyes noted the corner of crisp Government of India currency bills that snuggled under a bowl of syrupy sweets. A smile of comprehension flitted across the smooth expanse of his brown face.

"What news is there?" he inquired with the exact inflection of condescension that his visitor rated.

"It is about Akbar I would speak," Kazeem replied.

"That fool and his mangy tigress." Bepin Babu's full lips curled in scorn. "Well—what of him?"

Kazeem hesitated a moment before squatting on the doorstep. "He went to the public scribe in the post office and spoke a letter."

"Of what concern is this to me?" Bepin slowly closed the ledger and favoured Kazeem with his full attention.

"It may mean nothing, or—it may mean much." Kazeem lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "That old idiot wrote to the Commissioner Sahib."

Bepin Babu's eyes, as warm and friendly as a cobra's, looked at Kazeem for a probing moment, then sought the floor. His double chins languidly rolled over. "What have you done about this?" he demanded in dangerously quiet words.

"Well, this scribe is a friend of mine so the letter was never posted." Kazeem looked as cunning as a jackal when he produced a thin envelope from which he extracted a sheet of cheap bazaar paper. With a snicker he handed the missive to Bepin Babu.

"So, we are thieves that rob the animals of their meat—eh!" he sneered, avidly reading the scrawled petition. "That cursed son of a pig and his murderous tigress! He states here that the animal has been given less weight of ration than the *Huzoor* has sanctioned, and begs for inquiry."

Bepin Babu was furious.

Kazeem grinned slyly. "Of proof there is none. Who would believe the half-wit?"

Thoughtfully regarding a sleek, grey cat hunting in the garden, Bepin pondered the matter. Two sparrows foolishly quarrelled in the hot dust; concealed by a low marigold bush, the sleek cat, as remorseless and silent as the shadow of death, inched nearer.

"But this thing might be serious for you, Kazeem, if the Commissioner Sahib got to know of it. I but certify your accounts for payment, it is you who supply meat to the garden." Bepin Babu brooded over this for some time and appeared to be troubled about Kazeem's danger.

"These sahibs are peculiar where animals are concerned," he stated, ponderously nodding his head.

Kazeem lifted to his black feet in frightened protest. "Am I the only one . . ."

"Silence, you fool, cease to whine, (*Continued on page 62*)

On Duty and Off

by Jane Gordon

HOW can any reasonable woman expect to make the best use of face creams, skin lotions and make-up unless she has an elementary knowledge of the skin which she is treating? In spite of all the money spent on beauty aids, I will bet there is not one woman in a thousand who knows what her skin is made of.

Here are a few facts which every woman should know. The skin is tough and flexible; it is thicker on some parts of the body than on others, and it consists of two main layers—the epidermis, which is the top coat, and the dermis, which is the true skin. When dealing with your complexion, you must remember that there are a great many facial muscles which work the skin of your face so hard that it is inclined to show signs of wear and tear sooner than the skin of your body, which is more thickly padded.

The top layer of skin is made up entirely of tiny, horny cells. This layer is water-resistant, but face creams made with a fatty base can be absorbed, and in this way they do help to keep the skin flexible and in good condition. When the little horny cells wear out, they are replaced from the layer of skin below. The deep part of the skin, which is the true skin, consists of tiny fibres. As long as these fibres remain elastic and healthy, the skin will be smooth and wrinkle-free. With illness and worry, these little fibres lose their tone, just like a worn-out piece of elastic, and when this happens the skin sags and becomes wrinkled.

Millions of hair follicles, sebaceous glands, sweat-ducts and pigment cells are all rooted in the true skin, which also contains nerves, muscles, blood and lymph vessels. In the deepest part of the true skin there are little bundles made up of strands of tissue which are arranged in a criss-cross fashion. This layer is particularly important to your appearance because it contains a great deal of fat, and it is this which helps to keep the face smooth and wrinkle-free. Whether your skin is dry or oily depends entirely on the secretion of the minute sebaceous glands. It is these little glands which keep your skin supple and give your hair its sheen, but unless the hair and skin are kept scrupulously clean with soap and water, this same secretion will form a layer which will clog the pores, making the complexion coarse and producing blackheads and enlarged pores on the face, as well as dandruff and lank, greasy hair. Soap is absolutely essential for cleanliness, because the alkali contained in the soap mixes with the oily secretion manufactured by these little glands, and forms an emulsion which is washed away by water.

When the little oil glands work overtime, the skin tends to become greasy, and it is this type of skin which is inclined to superfluous hair. When the glands do too little work, the hair becomes dry and the skin harsh. Tiny sweat glands are also rooted in the under-skin, and these are responsible for the body temperature. It is estimated that the skin alone is responsible for three-quarters of a pint of waste fluid which evaporates every twenty-four hours on the body surface. When you realise that your undies, stockings, hat linings and night-clothes are exposed to three-quarters of a pint of perspiration each day and night, you will appreciate the luxury of a bath, freshly-laundered undies and clean stockings.

All this complicated mechanism which goes into the making of your skin is fed by your bloodstream, and so your complexion reflects the food you eat, the air you breathe and the way you sleep. Actually, the texture of your skin and the condition of your hair both depend on the workings of the oil glands, and it is impossible to improve the complexion unless you treat the scalp as well.

IF you are bothered by enlarged pores, blackheads and greasy skin, you will also have dandruff and dull hair. So you must combine face treatment with shampoos and hair tonics. The liquid shampoos are particularly good. For lank and greasy hair there are Astorial Pine Tar at 2s. 9d. or 3s. 6d. a bottle or Evan Williams' Liquid Soapless Shampoo at 1s. 3d. If you cannot get these particular shampoos, your chemist is bound to stock a reliable liquid shampoo, which should be used once every five days or once a week until the hair is reconditioned. A hair tonic such as Scalpecin, which costs 5s. 10d. a bottle, or any tonic of the bay rum type, should be used every day, and it is a good plan to remove the dandruff with a fine tooth-comb before applying the lotion.

When dealing with blackheads the area should first be washed with soap and water, then steamed. Always use a clean towel and fresh cotton wool when pressing out the blackhead, and always finish with a cold-water rinse. A spotty complexion should never in any circumstances be massaged. Spots should be dabbed with calamine lotion.

Beauty aids of pre-war elegance are reappearing slowly but surely. Elizabeth Arden has some 1945 make-up shades for your Victory face.

(Continued on page 67)

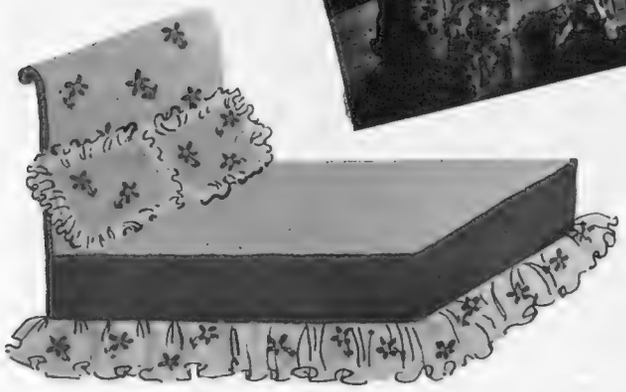
Post-war nail varnishes are going to be better and brighter than ever before. I have seen two of Cutex's newest shades flown over from America last week. One is called "Young Red," which is a deepish shade of rich rose-pink, and the other is "Black Red," with a purplish under-tone. Both have a wonderful lacquer quality which dries quickly and lasts an extra-long time.

Revlon's newest shade of nail enamel is called "Bright Forecast," and is a vivid, deep rose-pink, and a slightly lighter shade than "Rosy Future," also by Revlon. There is also matching lipstick, which goes on smooth as satin and stays put without rubbing off or smearing.

You have only to see these things to realise that the cosmetic trade has not been idle in spite of the rigours of war.

A RENOVATED room, now freshly distempered and lightened with new frilled net curtains. Velvet curtains from another room no longer needing them have been brought in, and deep pelmets made from the former chintz ones which matched the chair covers.

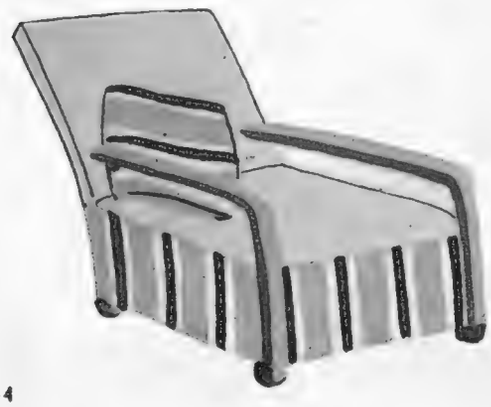
Whether your old home is war weary, or whether you are assembling a new home with the few materials available, it is equally difficult to infuse gaiety and originality into your schemes. Try new, bold details, bright colour accents, experimental touches.



A LENGTH of new chintz, or an old curtain or bedspread with a clear-cut design, will make this beauty treatment for a bed. A few cut-out sprays from the fabric are glued firmly on to the painted bedhead. An old bedspread makes the fitted cover for the top of the bed, with a deep flounce of the figured material. Loose day-covers for the pillows, with frills of the plain material, complete the ensemble.

A PAINTED chair and mirror, grouped together with this easily-made indoor garden, makes a focal point for a hall or sitting-room. The painted wood trough could be tackled by a good home carpenter. It is made just like a window-box with legs which holds flowering pot-plants and ferns. Ferns and cut flowers can be used in the winter.

UTILITY arm-chairs, or one of the adjustable-back corduroy-covered chairs which many pre-war homes possess, can be effectively re-covered with natural-coloured hessian or canvas. Striped bed-ticking, or deck-chair canvas, covers the sides and the cushion.

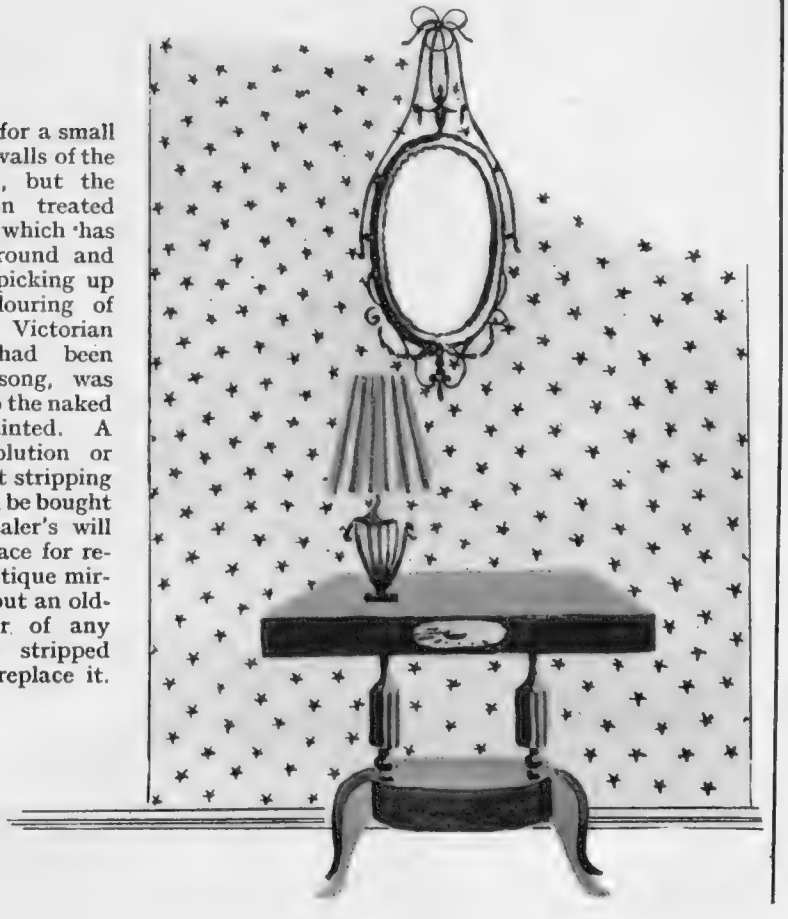


USE odd remnants of bright silk or gaily-flowered chintz to make new cushion covers. White corded fringe at the edges gives interest to this spotted satin cover. A heavy cord edging in a contrasting colour is also effective.

THE THREE S's...

Shabbiness, Sameness, Shortages, from which most homes suffer to-day

SMALL lengths of wallpaper, both plain and flowered, can be used for such decorative touches as these for a room which needs a new colour interest. An old lampshade frame has a new covering of spotted wallpaper with a flower motif cut from another wallpaper and stuck on. Both this and the waste-paper basket have been varnished over. As a link-up with this decorative motif, the door panels have been treated to match.



PRETTY idea for a small recess. The walls of the room are plain, but the recess has been treated with wallpaper which has a colour background and a small design picking up the general colouring of the scheme. A Victorian table, which had been bought for a song, was stripped down to the naked wood and repainted. A caustic soda solution or one of the patent stripping agents which can be bought at any paint dealer's will prepare the surface for re-painting. An antique mirror is sketched, but an old-fashioned mirror of any type could be stripped and painted to replace it.

LOOKING at smudges on the wall-paper is rather like looking at a cobweb high up and out of reach. It is one of those things you intend to do something about immediately, but only get around to with a concentrated effort.

Walls that are otherwise quite presentable are made to look dingy by the finger-marks which come around the light switches, the doorway and wherever children's fingers stray.

On a good distempered surface these can often be washed off. Warm water and ammonia rubbed on very lightly will do the trick, unless the marks are exceptionally greasy. Rub lightly, or the distemper will come away.

Bread makes a good eraser for this purpose on unwashable distemper or wallpaper. Take a large piece of bread from the centre of a loaf and knead it into a hard ball. Rub gently over the marks and continue all over the surface of the wallpaper, blending away the dirt, as it were, so that the cleaning effect is even, otherwise a new-looking patch where the marks have been cleaned off will show up the shabby surface of the paper elsewhere.

If the paper is torn or too badly smeared to make these simple cleaning methods effective, it may be necessary to patch the affected parts. Decorators usually leave a small length of paper behind for repair purposes, and if you have this you can go to work.

Measure off a piece of the new paper somewhat larger than the bad patch. Tear off the piece roughly so that the edges are uneven. Paste the new paper in place and the ragged edges will blend in, so that the repair is practically unnoticeable. With a figured wallpaper the design must, of course, be fitted to match.

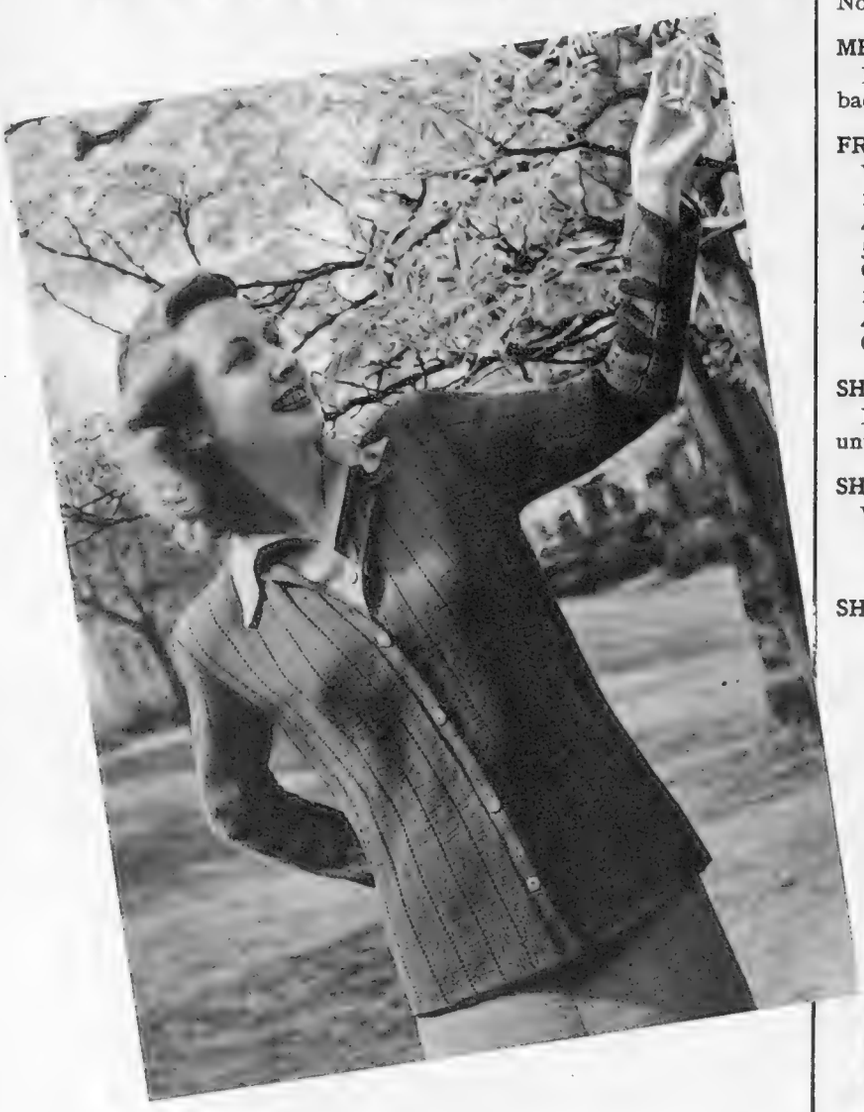
If none of these methods is suitable because the old paper is too badly damaged, re-distempering may be necessary, but not for the whole room.

If only one side of the room is badly affected, leave the old paper on three walls and distemper the remaining one.

Get a distemper to match the background or the main colour motif of the old paper and use this for the odd wall.

The Walls Have Finger-marks

KNITTED BLAZER



MATERIALS

10 ozs. of Copley's 3-ply Excelsior wool; one pair of No. 10 and one pair of No. 12 knitting needles; 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From top of shoulder to lower edge, 23 in.; sleeve length underarm, 18 in.; across the back underarms, 18 in.; across half front (with edge), 10 in.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles, cast on 139 sts. Knit into the back of the 1st row; knit 2 plain rows. Work as follows:

1st row.—Knit.

2nd row.—P. 5, k. 1, * p. 9, k. 1. Repeat from * ending p. 5. Continue until work measures 16 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 111 sts.

Work without further shaping until armhole measures 7 in.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows; then 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 65 sts. Knit into the back of the 1st row; knit 2 plain rows. Work as follows:

1st row.—Knit.

2nd row.—P. 5, * k. 1., p 9. Repeat from * to end. Work until 16 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

(Wrong side of work facing). Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows; then dec. 1 st. every row (*Continued on page* 67)

MATERIALS

4 ozs. of 3-ply Ramada knitting wool in main colour; ½ oz. of 3-ply in contrast colour; one pair of No. 12 and one pair No. 10 needles; 4 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 18 in.; across the back and front underarms, 17 in.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 134 sts.

1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.—Knit.

4th row.—K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, repeat from * to end.

5th and 6th rows.—Knit.

Change to No. 10 needles and the following pattern.

1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.—K. 1, p. 1. Rib.

4th row.—Knit.

Continue until 12 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE FOR CAP SLEEVE

Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every seventh row following until 152 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Work 68 sts., cast off 16 sts. Work 68.

Work on the last 68 sts., casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of every neck-edge row, until 56 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next seven armhole-end rows. Return to the first 68 sts., and work to correspond.

BACK

Work as for the front until 12 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE FOR CAP SLEEVE

Inc. one st. each end of the next row. Work six rows. (*Continued on page* 66)

CAP SLEEVED BLOUSE

THE JUNE BRIDE . . . wears traditional white and flowing veil if families whip up coupons and dressmakers can deliver for The Day. Otherwise, she puts on a high-summery formal affair, highlit with fetching hat, brilliant gloves and handbag. These four dresses from London's top designers are not specifically bridal, but could be. They point some of the newest summer dress trends. Breasts are emphasised by gathered fullness, there are little cap sleeves, loose cape-like sleeves, arm ties, tassel trims, a beltless, true-to-your-form line, with strategic, flattering drapes and gathers, all very feminine.

1. Pastel crepe, suavely cut to follow the body, with bodice and shoulder drapes that look like pleats. The front drape is caught by a sequined bow, to match the rolling sequined collar. Long, close sleeves show a draped movement at the wrist. Hartnell.

2. A bright navy crepe, printed with little running Indo-Chinese figures in red, green and white. The brief cap sleeves cross over, the bosom drapery twists on the diaphram and then slopes flatly down to a point below the waist at centre back. Victor Stiebel, at Jacqmar.

3. A trim, delphinium blue crepe, with gilded studs and tassels, the blue of the dress, defining shoulders and front of waist. The hat, of the piece-of-nonsense school, is just four wonderful velvet roses, two red, two pink, poised in front of a choux of veiling. Worth, London, Ltd.

4. An all-over floral print, mainly pink, showing a new cape-like sleeve, formed of two separate pieces coming from deep armholes, tying together with bows. The hat is in the print of the dress. Pink suede gloves and drawstring handbag. Rahvis.

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DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

How To Be Healthily Slim

A BABY with too many curves is looked on with misgivings, a very fat child is not really as healthy as it looks, and overfeeding can be just as dangerous as underfeeding.

When you are older, fat is no sign of health and you can get quite thin without any sympathy from your doctor. "You are much healthier that way" will be his usual remark.

Fat can be caused by various physical disturbances, some of them serious, but the usual cause is a disturbance of the digestive system, so that the food you take, instead of turning into energy and rebuilding the tissues of the body, turns into fat, which is stored away unwanted and unhealthy.

Fat hinders exercise and supple, easy movement, and so hinders activity, circulation activity and the consequent cleansing of the body. The weight of too much fat is a strain on various organs of the body. Fat makes you feel the heat uncomfortably, spoils your appearance and therefore may give you an inferiority complex. Fat can interfere with your breathing.

There are several ways of slimming. Some women find that one liquid day a week suits them, and if the liquids taken are healthy and not poisoning to the system, this is health-giving. Others go on an eighteen-day diet that makes them feel more active when it has removed some of the fat, but which does not alter the habits and physical conditions which made the body form fat in the first place. So you are inclined to put the fat on again later.

Others just try to cut out meals or snacks spasmodically as the heat of the summer overwhelms their appetites. This is very bad for the digestion. One day's complete rest from food will not hurt your digestion—it will give it a rest—but to go off to work after a cup of tea on a hot morning, to have a lemonade and ice-cream for lunch and then ask your stomach to digest a plateful of lettuce and raw vegetables in the evening is crazy.

A sane diet will give you health as well as slimness, and we can send you one adapted to wartime rationing if you feel inclined to try it out.

Salads are difficult to digest. This does not mean that they are not extremely good for you, but you must masticate them thoroughly, especially if tired, if the stomach is a little off-colour owing to the heat, and if all the vegetables are raw.

One way of slimming is to burn up the fat. Summer, intense heat and Turkish baths burn it up a little; physical activity that needs a lot of energy, more so.

There must be a perfect balance between physical energy and food intake, to prevent excess fat. The most perfect slimming methods are a wisely-curtailed diet and a moderate routine of exercise. The exercise must be taken in the fresh air, as oxygen is necessary for the healthy conversion of the fat into energy. It is useless to exercise more and then eat more because your appetite grows; just as useless as it is to eat less and then take less exercise because you have so little energy.

It is easy to get into the habit of doing one good exercise each morning, and one good exercise each night. These will help to keep you slim. As well as the planned exercise, you can double up on your brisk walks, your outdoor activities, your tennis, golf or swimming, but the output of energy must be extra, and it must be vital. And you must not come home and eat an enormous breakfast after your swim or ride.

Remember that you will never find a better time for slimming than the summer, and never find more need of being slim than in your sun-suit and your summer clothes.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

IT'S *not* A NATURAL

WHEN women's hair-beauty problems were revolutionised over thirty years ago by the permanent wave, the curling process took well over eight hours. Most women can remember when a perm meant a day-long sitting, with refreshments at intervals.

To-day permanent waving usually takes about two-and-a-half hours, the curlers are featherweight and some systems are machineless.

Difficult heads which could not be touched at one time can now be waved with safety. Of course, the various systems of waving are not always foolproof. A specialist in permanent waving would never give the same system to every type of hair, and most large salons now have a few systems from which they select the best for the particular head in question.

Bleached hair, once an untouchable, as far as the wise operator was concerned, can now be permed with reasonable safety.

If your hair has really been weakened and is of a cotton-wool texture owing to prolonged and severe bleaching, then no matter how conditioning the reagent used during the permanent waving, your hair might break and take badly. All good operators will try to persuade you to have a course of steam-oil treatments first, and you will be wise to do so.

If you are in the country and cannot pay too many visits to a salon, you will have to condition your own hair by hot-oil soakings before your shampoo. Impoverished hair is too often

BLACK COFFEE

THERE are two good ways of using up odd cupfuls of black coffee. Leave the coffee standing on the grounds for at least twenty-four hours, then strain thoroughly through a wire sieve. This nearly black liquid (for it must be as strong as possible, to have any effect) is an excellent tint for a few grey strands of hair on temples or brow, and for taking the pallid whiteness off legs.

The coffee is a rinse to be applied after washing the hair. If at first the tint is not too effective, use the coffee as a liquid for setting and combing the hair, dab it on to the temples, let it dry and dab again.

The stark whiteness of the hairs will be disguised, the colour of the coffee'd hairs will blend into your hair shade, whether you are mouse or dark brown; the hair is in no way harmed by the applications. It may solve your grey-temple problem.

The process has to be repeated after each shampooing.

Legs can get a faint tinge of suntan from the dregs of the coffee-pot. See that they are perfectly clean, otherwise the stain will go streaky, and apply it with the hands, so that the stain is not absorbed before it reaches the legs. Work from the ankles up. Do not try to get a dark stocking-substitute shade, as that will not work, but you can disguise that lily-whiteness that is so startling at your first sun-bathe.

THE PLEAT. A beautifully-tailored coif, which deals with the untidy ends of Up-hair. The back is parted, one side goes up on the slant, the other brushes across it, tucks under, is pinned securely, giving a pleated look. Designed by Barry Woolf, at Simpson's Hair-Dressing Department.

In the old days of perming, the victim was often in the chair for eight hours. This picture was taken in New York, in 1924, at a hairdressers' exhibition.

taken to the salon because the appearance is so distressing that a perm is thought to be the solution. This is unwise. If the hair is dry, brittle, looking dull and straight, do not hope to get a good perm. The operator will have to put a loose wave in for fear of damaging the hair, and it will come out after a short while. Impoverished hair, thin hair, after-illness hair, should all have two or three conditioning treatments before any perm is attempted. If these must be given at home, it means scalp massage, a hair tonic and hot-oil shampoos until the hair is soft, silky and in good condition. But here again the present systems of permanent waving do not themselves impoverish the hair as the old ones did. Strong hair can be given a stronger wave; so by spending a little extra time and money on pre-perm treatments, you can have a perm that will last for as long as the hair takes to grow it out.

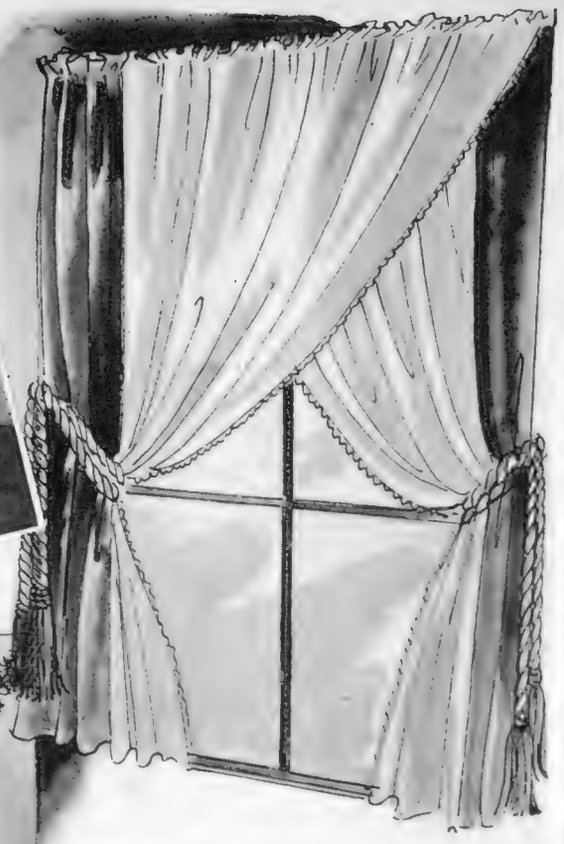
Henna is harmless to the hair, merely coating it with a veneer, but this veneer protects it from the processes of the permanent wave and so in some ways hinders the waving. On the other hand, compound henna treatments make the hair treated with them Problem Head Number One, even with modern improved methods.

Ordinary tinted heads are child's play with modern systems, unless this compound henna has been used for tinting.

If you have grey hairs which you wish to hide and are hesitating because you don't want to forgo your perm, do not hesitate any longer. Go to a good salon and have both tinting and perm done there. They will know what they use in the tinting process and wave accordingly.

There is a new process at one of the London salons for taking the kink out of too curly heads of hair—that is, natural curls that refuse to go the way you want them to and revert to a kink after the first day of setting.

Even newer is the cold permanent wave which is triumphing in America. The hair is sectioned off in a protector, wooden curlers are used, and the hair wet-wound. After the hair has been processed, a neutralising agent is used to stop activation. The great advantage of this wave is that if the curl is too tight, it can be reduced at once. Some London salons are already preparing to offer this cold wave to women who desire it, but, even if you want to try it, in this too be advised by the operator. If he says your hair would take the hot perm better, then have a hot perm. The cold wave is still in the experimental stage in this country.



WINDOW DRESSING

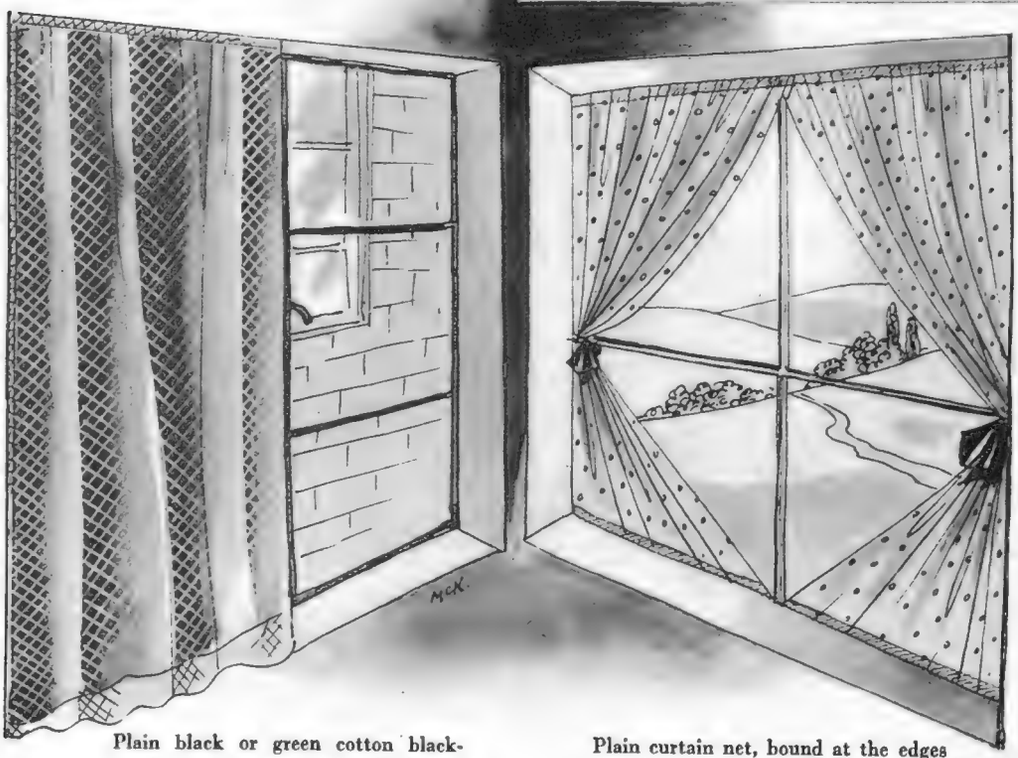
is a challenge to ingenuity while fabrics are still couponed and hard to get, and many black-out left-overs must be retained. Herewith some ideas.

Now that black-outs are finished with, windows with a garden view can be dressed for summer in this delicate fashion without heavy curtains. Unrationed net makes these frilly draped curtains above, which have a deeply-flounced edging and a pelmet frill along the top. They are looped up on each side with a band of matching net.

At the right—Small kitchen or bathroom windows can be fitted with a shaped frame of fibreboard or even of thick cardboard. The surface is painted and decorated with a simple flower motif.

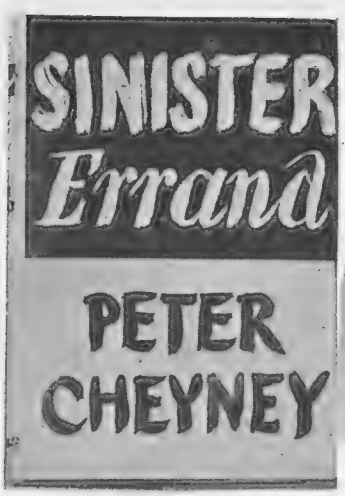
Windows which were heavily curtained through the black-out can be given a new delicacy with cream net curtains hung, together with the old curtains, as shown in the sketch above. The change can be made quite inexpensively and calls only for the addition of a double-curtain rail, as a light and a dark curtain on each side must be attached to a separate rail. Heavy, coloured cord or a wide braid loops up the curtains on either side.

Below—A delightful treatment for a side-window which is not needed for ventilation and can be utilised for decorative effect. A tailored pelmet frames the top of the window, which is fitted with plate-glass shelves, on which blue and amethyst glass is displayed against the daylight filtering through gathered net.



Plain black or green cotton black-out curtains acquire new life with the addition of a coarse mesh net. This is laid flat over the surface, falls free at the hem, and is held fast at the edges with a narrow bind.

Plain curtain net, bound at the edges with a coloured ribbon or braid, is run on expanding wire at the top and bottom and caught back at each side to make this unusual treatment for a kitchen or a bathroom window.

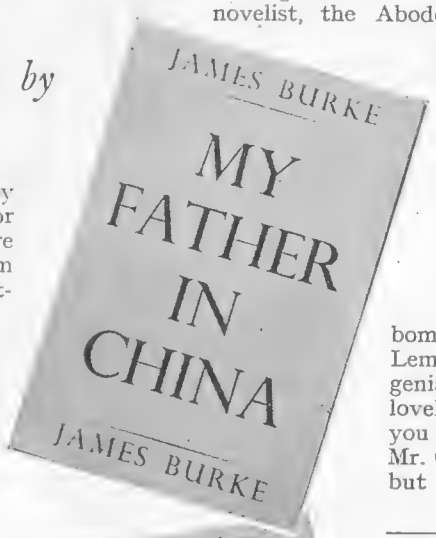


Peter Cheyney

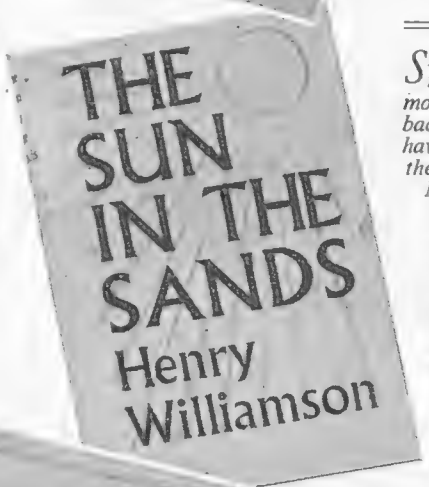
Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

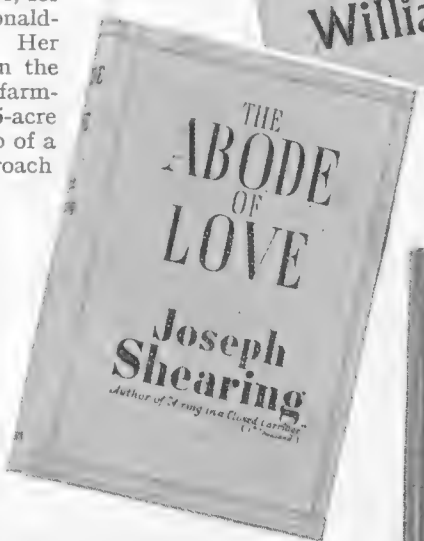
GREAT boys are the Japs in China! They had a master plan drawn up in Tokyo for backward cities like Sungkiang. There should be lovely broad roads! They made them by ripping through bedrooms, kitchens, courtyards without compensating the owners. There should also be a new canal! They dug it by grabbing every able-bodied man they saw and giving him a bowl of rice for twelve hours' labour. They used it to take China's rice for shipment to Japan, thereby creating a scarcity and helping to increase the home-price tenfold . . .

The Rev. William Burke, U.S. missionary, knows all about that because he has done three years' relief work there under Japanese occupation, to crown fifty years' earnest missionizing in China. His story, "My Father in China" (Michael Joseph, 15s.), is told by his son, Mr. James Burke, in a book that is a tribute to a noble practising Christian and an intimate study of Chinese life, with interesting close-ups of Mme Chiang Kai-shek's Soong family. Missionaries may sometimes have been jokes and even bores; this one from Georgia seems to be a true God's labourer, widely loved.



MY admiration for wartime woman grows apace. Here, for example, is Mrs. Frances Donaldson, mother of two children. Her husband goes off East early in the war, and—knowing nothing of farming—she forthwith buys a 375-acre farm, working it with the help of a bailiff. In a sequel to "Approach to Farming"—"Four Years' Harvest" (Faber, 7s. 6d.)—she tells of methods and problems and how they were surmounted. How she impresses fellow farmers I do not know, but it seems to me a wise, thoughtful record of a creditable achievement.





FEW people can write on factual subjects and make them dramatically interesting, but Mr. Frank W. Lane does so in "The Elements Rage" (Country Life, 10s. 6d.), an illustrated survey of the latest known facts about hurricanes, tornadoes, waterspouts, hail, snow, lightning, meteorites, earthquakes, volcanoes, with remarkable stories of experiences under these exacting phenomena. Did you know that a hurricane could be likened to a steam turbine of over a hundred-thousand-million horse-power, and generates enough power to run the world's dynamos, motors and steam-engines for three or four years? I cannot imagine a more fascinating book of the kind, either for schools or the general reader.

MR. JOHN BROPHY has abandoned Immortal Sergeants and Commando Spearheads for picture-dealers, their wiles and stratagems, in "Portrait of an Unknown Lady" (Collins, 9s. 6d.), the story of a young man who falls in love with the portrait of an unknown girl, falls even more when he meets her, and does not unduly worry his poor heart wondering what were her relations with the artist? Mr. Brophy settles the problem to his and our satisfaction; he also warms up with a delightful study of an *honest* dealer, Jacob Cohen. We know a lot about the art world by the time we have disposed of the agreeable love story.

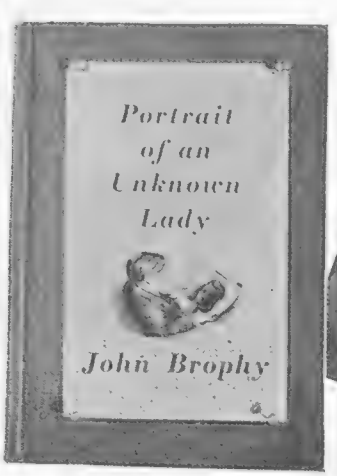
JOSEPH SHEARING based his "Airing in a Closed Carriage" on a famous Victorian crime. He bases "The Abode of Love" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) on another period sensation which kept the Press glutted with sex-and-religion for many a day. To him, as a novelist, the Abode is a serious, dramatic manifestation of spiritual striving; only the Press and the social code to which it pandered are cheap. This in no way minimizes the sex interest, of which he takes full advantage. Yes, we just gloated unashamedly over this lusciously reminiscent story!

YOU have to believe a lot of incredible things, too, in Mr. Peter Cheyney's "Sinister Errand" (Collins, 8s. 6d.), which concerns the activities of a Nazi spy gang, Himmler's External Section, during our flying-bomb picnic. But Michael Kells, his successor to Lemmy Caution and Slim Callagan, is such a genial tough guy, his dames are so swingingly lovely, his dialogue is so slangily brilliant, that you can believe anything after the first few pages. Mr. Cheyney—who doesn't wait for your approval but just knocks you for (*Continued on page* 64)

Escape To Arcady

SHORTLY after the last war I used to see a wild-eyed, neurotic young ex-officer at Mrs. Dawson-Scott's Tomorrow Club. His barbed shafts, usually directed from the back, were meant to devastate the speakers. Who could have seen in him the future farmer and author of "Tarka the Otter"?

Mr. Henry Williamson, in **"The Sun in the Sands"** *(Faber, 8s. 6d.), reverts to that period when he was driven out of his father's house, sampled London literary parties, and on the proceeds of his first book fled to a £5-a-year Devon cottage to commune with nature, think over things, carve a writing career for himself, and prove that he was no waster but a warsick man out of joint with the post-war world. This autobiography abounds in egotisms and intolerances, but it is the frank testament of one who writes from the heart, with a fire burning his bones, and therefore commands a respect we do not accord the tame and tepid. Humour is not lacking. I chuckled at the recollection of Dawson-Scott in a basement "typing his wife's new novel on an ancient typewriter looking like the inside of the Albert Hall. "Do you like literature?" I asked. "I hate literature!" he replied, and went on tapping with two fingers. The heart searchings of an introspective ex-soldier after the last war have timely significance at the end of this one, if only as a warning against self-embitterment.*



John Brophy

The Evolution of

The Highroads Of England

By Wilma Buckley

THE earliest roads in this country, traces of which are still in existence, were the Ridgeways; primitively surfaced tracks cut from the soil along the hilltops and ridges, above the swamps and marshes and forests and the menace of wild animals. Hence we get the surviving Pilgrims' Way, joining Salisbury Plain to Canterbury and Dover; the Fosse Way, running from the south coast of Devonshire, far afield to the Humber . . . and many others, still in use or still traceable. Along some of these prehistoric roads were carried the loads of leather, tin and wool which were our exports to the Continent from the Channel ports of the era.

With the Roman invasion of 55 B.C. came, perforce, the Roman roads; first necessity for the advancing legions and for the civilization which they were to bring with them. Regardless of obstacles and geographical difficulties, these paved Imperial highways ran as straight as an arrow from one objective to another in a manner entirely characteristic. Watling Street; Ermine Street; Stane Street; the Via Julia, in South Wales . . . we travel over them still, although many of the lesser roads are fallen into disuse. Up in the Border country, where stand the ruins and remains of Hadrian's Wall (the Maginot Line of those days), can still be seen deserted stretches of paving, marked with the ruts worn by the passage of countless Roman chariot wheels.

After the Roman withdrawal and subsequent invasions by Jutes, Saxons and Danes, ensued a centuries-long period of progressive decay. The Imperial roads were overgrown and neglected; in some instances they disappeared entirely. The Norman Conquest and occupation of England produced other roadways, of a different calibre: winding, unpaved lanes and rough tracks, from one village to another, their sites based, not upon suitability, but upon the convenience and toleration of the land-owning Norman lords. All through the Middle Ages and onwards into the nineteenth century, in fact, the highroads remained in a parlous condition, romantic though certain of their aspects may now seem to us, looking backwards through the softening mists of time. Along the Pilgrims' Way, from Winchester to Canterbury, ome the Continental pilgrims of Chaucer's age . . . conspiring Tudor horsemen post along the main roads, keeping well to the centre bridle-path between the axle-deep ruts . . . stage-coaches of the eighteenth century lumber along their dangerous, highwayman-haunted ways, travelling as swiftly as the condition of the coaching roads permit, stopping only to change horses at each posting-inn . . . down the old, forgotten green tracks trot the smugglers' pack-horses, silently and secretly along the mossy turf.

With the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the (*Continued on page* 64)

Part of a Roman road on Blackstone Edge, Yorkshire-Lancashire border. Regardless of obstacles and geographical difficulties, these paved Imperial highways ran as straight as an arrow from one objective to another in a manner entirely characteristic of this period

The "Bedford Times" coach taking on passengers and about to start off. Stage coaches of the eighteenth century lumbered along their dangerous highwayman-haunted ways, travelling as swiftly as the conditions of the roads permitted

(Reproduced by permission of the Parker Gallery, 2 Albemarle Street, W.1, from a print dedicated to William Henry Whitbread, Esq., by J. Matthew Crispin)

A motorway of the future, designed for the British Road Federation by G. H. Jellicoe, F.R.I.B.A., President of The Institute of Landscape Architects, superimposed on a photograph of the Hole of Horcum, Pickering Moor, Yorkshire. The British Road Federation advocates the construction of double motoring highways, to ensure greater speed and safety

Profit And Loss Account

Debit.

The threat of sudden death has been walking at our heels. Six years of suspense and, sometimes, of stark fear, have been our daily companions. For many there has been no escape and no security. A perpetual nightmare has threaded its way through the daily routine.

Women will remember wartime shopping as one of the greater responsibilities of a harassed existence. Queueing has wasted our time and tried our patience. Searching from shop to shop for something to eat and to keep up a fairly normal appearance has taxed our patience and drained our intelligence to the uttermost.

The shortage of essential ingredients and the need to infuse some variety into hopelessly monotonous diets has been the bane of our wartime lives. "What to eat" was a familiar cry before the war; today it is our very life's theme.

Running a household with worn-out equipment, working with broken-down tools and watching the fading and diminishing of once beautiful homes without the power to restore and replenish them has been near to heartbreak for all who love their homes and take a pride in comfort.

The shortage and the inferiority of wartime clothes has meant more to some than to others. To every woman in the country it has been a problem in some degree. Perhaps more than any it has been the women with children who have suffered the most from the increasing difficulty of keeping up with their young family's growth and making a very meagre allowance of coupons go round. Every woman, in fact, could use more coupons.

War has torn us away from the men who were our moral strength and comfort, not to say the people who could put a washer on the tap. We were alone in circumstances more difficult than any we had formerly imagined. Many of us were helpless in practical things, accustomed to handing over to the man about the house.

Credit

For some of the suffering of war, there is no compensation, but we can say that danger has revealed in us an inward, unsuspected strength. We have seen the strength and the weaknesses in ourselves and others and emerged from the trial of strength with a new confidence that we are equal to the worst that fate can send.

But remember this. We have become a nation of shrewd shoppers. The housewife of today knows where the best is to be obtained. No more careless, haphazard ordering. No more ringing up for orders and leaving it to the shopkeeper. Shopping has become an art since the war and an art which in the more plentiful days of peace can be maintained in the interests of far better and more economical housekeeping.

At least we have become more skilful cooks. We have learned to make a tasty dish out of scraps. We have experimented and failed and experimented again to achieve minor miracles of cookery that must have increased our skill a hundredfold. The thrill in the taste of an onion and the sight of an egg are compensations not to be forgotten. We may soon forget these thrills but we can and must retain the skill we have acquired.

For all this, stocktaking shows that we have established a new economy and a new and enlightened sense of values. Forcible scaling down has shown us that many of the things we regarded as indispensable are not so. We have acquired a new skill in making-do and routed for all time the careless extravagance which came so hard upon our pockets.

Even the lack of household equipment has taught us economy and made us more resourceful. Among other things we have learned that good quality equipment is worth while, that one can do a better job with tools that are scientifically designed, and that cheap, makeshift equipment is not worth having.

Our homes are shabby and jaded and it may be some time before we can make drastic changes, but a newly found ability will enable us to create charm and colour and bright originality as paint and fabrics and china begin to trickle back into general circulation again.

Yet it is a fact that the average woman is much better dressed than she was before the war. The necessity to plan her wardrobe religiously has brought about this position.

We have fewer clothes, but our money is wisely spent upon essentials and not frittered away on bits and pieces. The woman who had ten dresses now has only two. Her wardrobe is co-ordinated. Make-do and mend, hard as it has been, has made us skilful with renovations and put us in the way of being well and economically dressed in future.

At first it seemed that there was no answer. With no man to aid us, the house might fall to pieces and we couldn't stop it, but necessity made us desperate and though at first we held a hammer as though it was a lethal weapon, we conquered it. Now the handywoman has replaced the handyman. Every woman in the land can mend a fuse. Helplessness has gone for ever.

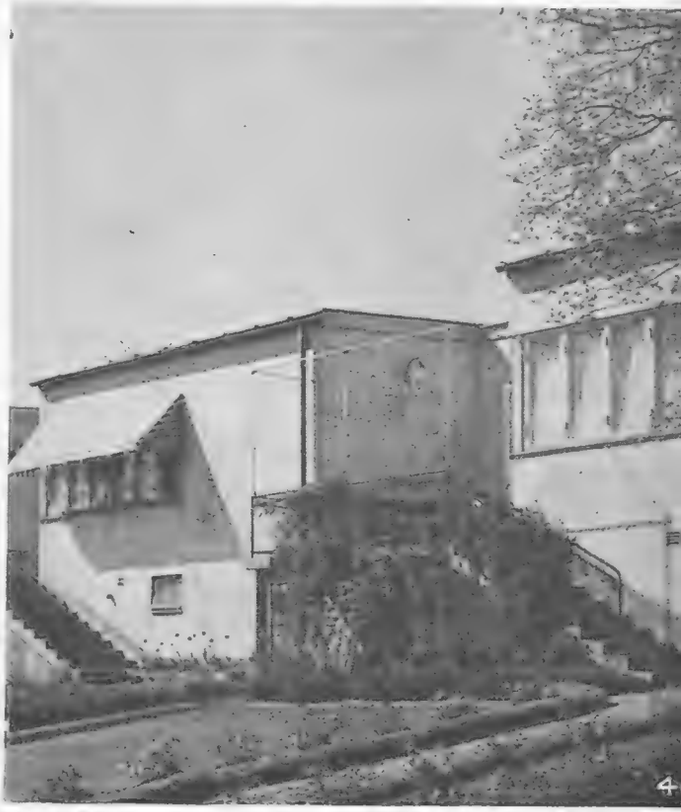
A housewife's stocktaking after six years of multiple war experiences shows entries on both the credit as well as the debit side

1 In this country, the bungalow design has fallen into disrepute, but America, where this type of house is also widely favoured, shows, in this Californian one-storey house, how gracefully the idea can be carried through to success.

2 South Africa's traditional Dutch architecture is well known. It has a mellow quality which combines charm and spaciousness inside with gracious proportions. This farmhouse has a stucco front, a thatched roof and attractive lattice windows.—*Courtesy of South African Railways.*

3 In general principles, the modern examples of South African architecture are much like our own. In this case there is a covered porch above and below, on the sunny side, for sleeping outdoors.—*Courtesy of South African Railways.*

4 Sweden, where building has continued on a small scale during the past few years, has erected these small one-storey houses which are ideal for those who prefer the principles of a flat combined with the advantages of a detached house.



Other Countries' Houses

Domestic architecture in other parts of the world has a special interest now that our plans are formulating, and we are open to suggestions and improvements.

Climatic conditions are the ruling factor in the policy of design and construction of every country's home building, but beauty is universal and there are many practical features from abroad which could be added, with advantage, to our own conventions.

Houses from the Dominions and abroad break new ground without infringing the possibilities of our own building programme.

5 Prefabricated timber houses are to be imported from Sweden to relieve our own building problems. A typical example of the factory-made house from that country, a semi-bungalow of timber with a pantile roof.

6 Cape Cod cottages, Massachusetts, English in their essential personality, are universally admired by lovers of the homely tradition in building. This house is typical of the New England style.

7 Modern functional design varies little in its essential character from whichever part of the world it may come. This is an Australian concrete house, designed on one level with a suntrap roof.

8 A Californian house which combines some attractive characteristics of the Georgian tradition, with the more practical features of to-day.

By Winifred Lewis

HORS-D'OEUVRES

I have often mentioned various pastes and spreads which can be made with sardines or other tinned fish mashed up and worked to a smooth cream with very little margarine and some finely chopped herbs.

Grated Cheese

Can be treated in the same way, adding a dash of Worcester sauce.

Cold Scrambled (dried) Eggs

Make an excellent appetizer piled on crisp toast with anchovy or bloater paste. Another good and economical one is made with bloater paste on toast with bacon rinds fried very crisply (like pork crackling) roughly chopped and sprinkled on top.

Swedish Bread

Or other crisp bread type of biscuit is sometimes better as a foundation with a soft creamy spread made of cheese, fish or other paste, and a generous sprinkling of shredded lettuce. Another good combination is cheese with chopped spring onions.

Soft Roes

Need not be always just "on toast." When I can get them fresh I poach them in boiling water, salted, peppered and with a few drops of vinegar and a bunch of thyme, parsley and bay leaf in it. Then, when drained and cold, they are mashed and worked to a paste with various flavourings . . . a pinch of curry powder, a little chutney juice, or one of the sweet flavouring sauces. Soft roe cream with a good deal of finely chopped parsley and chives is excellent.

CROQUE MONSIEUR

For each person have half a streaky rasher trimmed of rinds, and a slice of bread, crusts removed. Fry the bacon lightly (it must not be dry or brittle), add a little lard to the pan and fry the slices of bread, browning on both sides.

Put these flat in a fireproof dish and place a piece of bacon on each. For each person, put one egg in powder in a bowl with a dessertspoonful of powdered milk, salt and pepper and squash

CAULIFLOWER AND BACON SAVOURIES

Hot And Cold Canapés...

Canapés, whether served or main dish, make a menus. Here are a few

LETTUCE SOUP

When preparing lettuce for salad do not throw away the outside leaves, keep them for three or four days and use them for soup. Wash well in cold water, drain the leaves and chop them fine. Put them into a saucepan with the tiniest bit of margarine and melt over a slow fire. Add a large potato peeled and cut into cubes and a small onion peeled and finely chopped.

Cook together for a few minutes adding salt and pepper and pour in six portions of boiling water. Simmer with the lid off for ¾ hour, and pour through a sieve or strainer, squashing everything through. Serve with small snippets of thin dry toast or fried bread.

CREAM OF LETTUCE

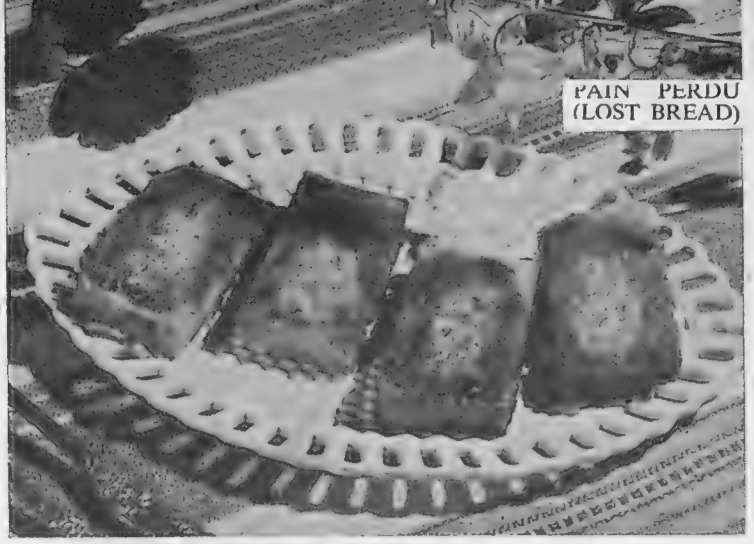
Make the foundation soup in exactly the same way. In another saucepan mix together a dessertspoonful of flour with a small piece of margarine, working to a smooth paste. When the soup is ready pour it through the sieve over the flour mixture, bring to the boil, beating well, and simmer for a few minutes. Just before serving add a coffee-cupful of milk, after which the soup must not boil.

ASPARAGUS SOUP

Keep back the sticks and just serve the tops for your asparagus proper. Keep also the water in which potatoes have boiled. Put in the asparagus sticks, salt and pepper, bring to the boil and simmer for ½ hour with the lid on. Pound the sticks through a sieve and put back into the soup.

Have ready in another saucepan a flour and margarine mixture and let it get cold. Pour the soup over and bring to the boil, beating well. Simmer for a

Soups For Summer



By Robin Adair

. . . *In Other Words* SNACKS

as hors-d'oeuvres, entrée welcome change in summer suggestions for June

out the lumps. Add the correct amount of cold water, work smooth and beat when you add a tablespoonful of grated cheese for each person.

Beat up again and pour the mixture over the bacon and bread. Add here and there a few tiny pieces of margarine and put the dish under the grill, which you have heated beforehand so that it is red hot. When the top of the dish is nicely golden brown reduce the heat by half and finish cooking for another 5 minutes.

CURRY GRATINE

For this use brown bread, a slice per person with crusts removed. Fry till nicely browned in hot lard and put the slices in a fire-proof dish or an ordinary baking-tin. Cover the slices with a thick smooth vegetable curry, sprinkle with grated cheese, a few tiny dabs of margarine and brown quickly under the grill.

CAULIFLOWER AND BACON SAVOURY

A useful and pleasant way of using up any remaining cauliflower. Break it into small pieces and place them on pieces of fried bread. Add a little chopped bacon, very crisply fried, using rinds as well, one rasher being sufficient for at least four people. Sprinkle with very little salt, a dash of red pepper and then stale white breadcrumbs; and having dotted a few tiny bits of margarine over the top, brown quickly under the grill.

PAIN PERDU

And now for a sweet canapé which is an adaptation of a very old-fashioned recipe. Take slices of stale white bread, chop off the crusts and spread with jam. Have ready some beaten egg —made with dried egg powder—and dip the prepared slices in it, leaving them to soak for a few minutes. Remove them and let them drain standing them in a large flat dish slightly tilted.

Have ready some lard at boiling point in a frying pan and fry the *pain perdu* (the exact translation of which is "lost bread"). When golden brown, remove them on to a sheet of blotting paper. Dust with soft sugar and serve as hot as possible.

---

few minutes before serving with croûtons of fried bread.

SORREL OR SPINACH SOUP

This is made in exactly the same way as lettuce soup, using, for four people, a large handful of sorrel or spinach leaves. A good plan is to make enough soup for two days (doubling the quantities) and the first day serve without passing through a sieve, keeping the other half to serve the following day in the form of

POTAGE SANTÉ

Make one egg with dried egg powder, using half milk, half water to dilute. Add a coffee-cupful of milk, beat well and put into the soup tureen. Strain the soup, squashing the vegetables through sieve or strainer and pour into the tureen, giving a final beating before you serve.

POTAGE PRINTANNIER

For four people have 3 or 4 small potatoes, 6 young carrots, 3 young turnips, a small onion and a bunch of thyme, parsley and bay leaf tied together. Peel or scrape the vegetables, wash in cold water and cut into tiny cubes. Put these in a saucepan with a tiny piece of margarine, salt, pepper and the bunch of herbs. Cook for a few minutes, stirring all the time so that they do not brown.

Add boiling water for six portions and simmer with the lid half on for about 1 hour. It is again a good plan to make enough soup for two days, serving it the first day with the vegetables in cubes (the herbs removed, of course), the second day everything squashed through a sieve.

FRUIT SOUPS

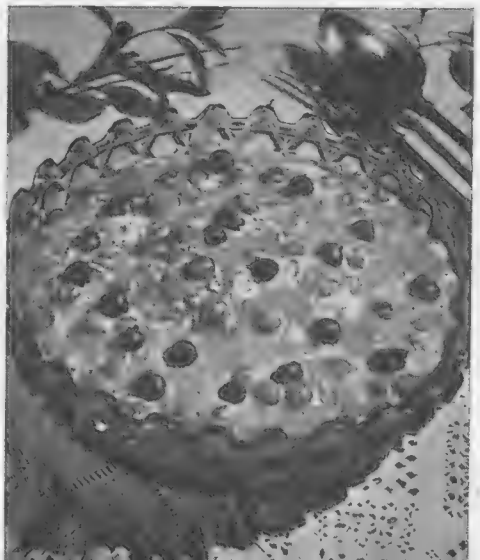
Fruit juice—either that from stewed fruit or the juice from bottled fruit—makes an excellent summer beginning. In any case make a foundation as follows: Peel, cut up and wash one potato, one small onion and a leek and, if you like it, a small clove or garlic. Put into a saucepan with salt, pepper, a bunch of thyme, parsley and bay leaf and a clove. Add cold water—enough to make up the required amount of liquid with the fruit juice available. If you want four portions of soup and have two of juice put in *three* of water as this will reduce in cooking. Bring to the boil and simmer for ½ hour. Strain into a clean saucepan, add the fruit juice and bring to the boil. Serve either hot or icy cold.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT SALAD

Put some slices of cut chocolate cake into a glass bowl. Pour over it fruit salad made of whatever fruit is available, bottled or fresh but cooked and sweetened. Add a handful of stewed raisins or sultanas, then serve when very cold.

Cold Sweets

If you have no frig or no ice, wrap the dish in a cloth soaked in cold water, then stand it in a draught



CREAMED FRUIT

A simple sweet made with two tablespoonfuls of powdered milk beaten up with a little cold water, and sugar so that you have a thick cream. Add bottled fruit, preferably the berry kind, then beat well together, and serve when cold.

Rosamund John in the new Two Cities film, "The Way to the Stars"

Mother love

By Louisa Kay

THE right time to measure a woman's success as a mother is when her children are grown up. Then, if she has retained their companionship and their confidence, one can say with certainty that she has done her job wisely and well.

The women who have achieved a permanent and satisfying relationship of love and understanding with their children are, more often than not, those who have not absolutely abandoned themselves to motherhood. These are the women who, while giving generously of their love and service, have wisely preserved their own individuality and not permitted motherhood to obliterate every outside interest.

To put it bluntly, women who, in the first enchantment of motherhood, plunge in up to the ears and remain submerged until their children are full grown, lay the foundation for loneliness and isolation in years to come, and sacrifice that perfect understanding with their children which comes from acknowledging youth's fundamental independence.

In a purely practical sense, this fervour for self sacrifice can be overdone. The woman who says "I never leave my baby," who scorns to hand the child over to any other care but her own, who cuts herself off month after month and year after year from the social and intellectual intercourse which keeps her individuality alive, is putting herself in prison. In a prison of the mind and body.

The mechanical tasks of baby minding can be performed by any capable hands. They don't have to be mothers every time. It doesn't matter to children who washes the nappies and fastens the safety pins. Mother is the all-important factor in the infant orbit, but she can fulfil this function adequately without becoming a slave.

Conditions do gang up on mothers today. Help for the home is practically non-existent and they're left holding the baby in every sense. At the same time, wise women put up a fight for some degree of freedom, for the right and the opportunity to live fully as women as well as mothers.

They make time, somehow, in a full life to read, to keep in touch with affairs outside the domestic sphere. They cultivate friends and, above all, make time to be attentive and interesting in their capacity as wives.

It happens far too often that women relegate their husbands to second place when children come along. Many of them would be astonished and hurt if they were accused of this. It is a condition which creeps up slowly, almost unnoticed, until the habit of motherhood has almost entirely usurped the habit of good wifeliness.

This condition, when it occurs, is unfair to all concerned. It is bad for the children, inasmuch as it gives them a sense of power which they are not slow to use. Without reasoning, they intuitively sense their position of priority over every other interest in their mother's heart.

It is obviously unfair to a husband who, deeply though he may care for his children, is still entitled to enjoy the undivided companionship and unfaded charm of the woman he married, and to whom he looks as a partner in all his interests both in and beyond the home.

The woman who devotes herself in the sacrificial way to her children is doing herself an injury. By confining her interests within a narrow channel, and by cutting herself off from all other resources, she is sacrificing her youth and intellect and every chance of building a life partnership with her husband, which will endure after the children have grown up and gone their independent ways.

Love and duty to children does not require that we should smother them with attention. Children should be encouraged, within reason, to act and think for themselves. Right from the start they should be encouraged to do their own little chores. Mothers can watch, make suggestions, start them off on the right track when they falter. Youth should be encouraged to make its own decisions, to encounter anxieties and dispose of them, and mothers should stimulate the mental processes of her young but never usurp them. If she does she will get away with it for so long, but sooner or later comes the inevitable rebellion from this tyranny of love.

Youth breaks away from the smothering arms, leaving a woman who, in an excess of emotional self sacrifice, has left herself resourceless.

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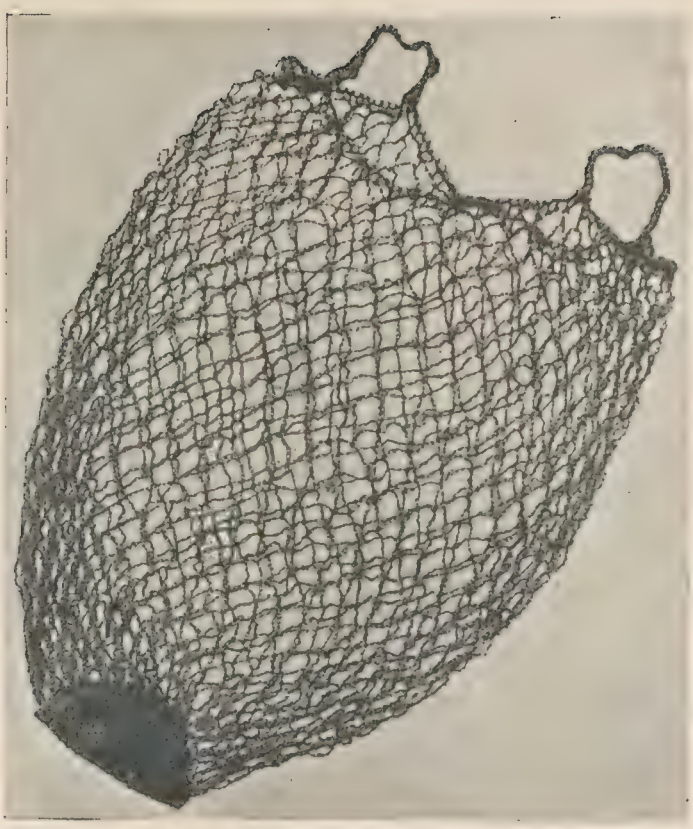

Home Made String Bag

It Folds Up And Tucks Into An Opening In Its Base, And Is Then No Larger Than A Powder Case

THIS could be made from any yarn such as cotton string or artificial silk. Use a steel hook, No. 10.

Make a ch. of 6 and join into a ring with a sl.st. **1st round.**—30 d.c. into the ring. **2nd round.**—Work 1 d.c. into each d.c. **3rd round.**—2 ch. 2 tr. into next d.c. * 2 ch., 1 tr. into the next 5 d.c.; rep. from * all round.

4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th rounds.—Rep. 3rd round. Break off yarn and finish off. Make another circle the same. Take the 2 rounds and join together with double yarn and d.c. to within 14 d.c. (this part is left open and forms the pocket into which the bag tucks).

Now, on the single side of the circle, and with single yarn, work as follows: **1st round.**—8 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c.* 8 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * 6 times, 8 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c. (Now you should be working on the double circle.) * 8 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * to end of double circle (this completes the round).

2nd round.—8 ch., 1 d.c. into each space made by 8 ch. of last round.

3rd round.—10 ch., 1 d.c. into each space made by 8 ch. of last round.

4th round.—Rep. 3rd round.

5th round.—12 ch., 1 d.c. into each space made by 10 ch. of last round.

6th round.—14 ch., 1 d.c. into each space made by 12 ch. of last round.

7th round.—Rep. 6th round.

8th round.—16 ch., 1 d.c. into each space made by 14 ch. of last round.

9th to **16th rounds.**—Rep. 8th round.

17th round.—* 2 ch., 3 d.c. into each space of 16 ch.; rep. from * all round.

HANDLES

Make a ch. of 38. **1st row.**—1 d.c. into each ch. **2nd row.**—1 ch., 1 tr. into each d.c. **3rd row.**—1 d.c. into each tr. Make another handle. Double crochet to each side of bag.

ABBREVIATIONS

D.c. = double crochet; tr. = treble; ch. = chain.

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See that they always do it and set a good example by doing it yourself.

1. *At the Kerb* HALT
2. EYES RIGHT
3. EYES LEFT
4. EYES RIGHT AGAIN
   then if the road is clear
5. QUICK MARCH
   Don't rush
   Cross in an orderly manner

What Next In Britain?

(*Continued from page 15*)

After fourteen years of a predominantly Tory Government, a corrective Left swing is due in Britain.

The pendulum swings because time prunes the popularity of any government. Between 1931 and 1935 the Conservative vote dropped from 11,907,875 to 10,488,626, the Labour vote rose from 6,648,023 to 8,325,260. The respective seat change was 471 to 387, and 42 to 154.

Further, economic ebb tides follow economic flood tides, and vice versa. Government claims and gets credit for good economic weather, bringing full employment at good wages, and bumper profits. Government protests that it's not to blame for bad economic weather, bringing joblessness, losses, fear, anxiety, recriminations; but it gets blamed all the same.

Out of the nettle, war, can Britain pluck the flower, prosperity? The politicos wish they knew the answer to that primary riddle. A powerful brain lobe of the present Government is busily exploring it. The lobe is housed in the Roman-senator cranium of Frederick James Marquis, first Baron Woolton. It wasn't only because he was so successful at his wartime job of feeding 45 million Britons that Churchill picked this tall, blue-eyed, sixty-one-year-old Lancashire business man to head the research team blueprinting the Britain of to-morrow. As a young man he was Research Fellow in Economics at Manchester University.

You can't talk to Lord Woolton for more than a few minutes without being struck by his clear and analytical mind, his admirable balance. He has the common sense of a practical man who has had to guide big businesses and show results. As a university slum settlement warden in Manchester, he learned how the poor live. He married at twenty-six, has a son in the R.A.F. and a daughter in the ATS, lives with his wife in a service flat in Whitehall Court, starts work when he rises at 7.30 a.m., and doesn't stop until he gets into his pyjamas around midnight.

THE Woolton economic brains trust can only draw tentative conclusions now, because nobody knows whether America and Britain will or won't drift into a struggle for world markets, forcing Britain to work at enlarging her sterling trade area, and turning her more and more in on her own vast and still sparsely developed empire. If that happens, the star of the Beaverbrook faction is likely to rise. Did not an out-of-office Beaverbrook preach empire development as assiduously and prophetically as an out-of-office Churchill preached rearmament?

This extraordinary man, born sixty-six years ago in Newcastle, New Brunswick, youngest of a poor Presbyterian pastor's large brood, is the only one of those around him to whom Churchill has conceded genius. Making himself a millionaire before he was thirty, Max Aitken invaded England, won a seat in Parliament in three weeks, was a Cabinet Minister and a Baron inside eight years, built a powerful Press group from the ground up in ten years, and, in the critical phase of 1940, managed to get fighting planes into the sky in days when the experts were talking in terms of months.

He has a certain chameleon quality. I've seen him in his town home, sunk in his armchair, like an old, worn-out gnome; and in his Ministerial office, standing behind his desk, conducting three conferences simultaneously, and talking with such energy that he could be heard in the outer office, and I thought that at any moment he'd start waving his long, lean arms.

Note his hunched shoulders and big chest. He's an asthmatic. But he usually only has a serious attack when he has time on his hands. When he has no time to succumb to an attack, he's free of his malady. His activity is incessant; his energy inexhaustible, and sometimes disruptive. He's been yeast in the dough of British politics for thirty-five years, and now—rather to his own surprise—is being drawn into the select circle of the Old Men of the Tribe, Britain's Elder Statesmen.

Just before the General Strike of 1926 I was talking to Ben Tillett in his room at union H.Q. A beefy man, clutching an armful of papers, hustled through and into an inner room. "That's Ernie Bevin," the dockers' veteran leader informed me. "'E's a lad. Comin' man, too." But wherever he thought he was headed in those days, Bevin could scarcely have glimpsed himself as Minister of Labour and National Service in a wartime government headed by the then execrated Churchill. Which just shows what quaint tricks time plays in politics and with politicians.

In the Labour camp Bevin, who began as a farm lad at a shilling or two a week, and became a carter and then a dock labour organizer, and Herbert ("Hustling Herb") Morrison, who was a grocer's boy and then a circulation man on a Labour paper, are of equal political stature. This partly explains why neither of them, but a solicitor's self-effacing son, Clement Attlee, heads the Labour Party, and will be Premier if, as and when a majority of citizens vote Labour.

Dark, bald, frail, courteous and humourless, Attlee started as an imperialist and high-tariff advocate, but met the Sydney Webbs and was converted to Fabianism, and thus piped into the Labour Party. He earned his living as secretary of Toynbee Hall, and lecturer on social science at the London School of Economics. The war came and he went soldiering—at Gallipoli, Kut, with the tanks in France. "What do you think about war?" he was asked on his return. "I'll show you," said Attlee. Next day he was carrying a banner through the streets. It was inscribed: "No more war!" He has since discovered that the Four Horsemen can't be prevented so easily from riding across the world.

He went to live in a slum district, got elected mayor of one of the poorest boroughs, won a seat in Parliament in the 1922 election. Ramsay MacDonald made him his parliamentary private secretary. This enabled him to master procedure and get to know everybody around the place.

He lives with his wife and four children, their Welsh terrier, and Skippy, the cat, in a big rambling house. He breakfasts at 7.45, goes off at 9, and is seldom back till midnight. His wife takes no part in public life. She's too busy looking after the family and fixing the meals. He used to live on his M.P.'s pay, plus earnings from books and journalism. Now he gets £2,000 salary.

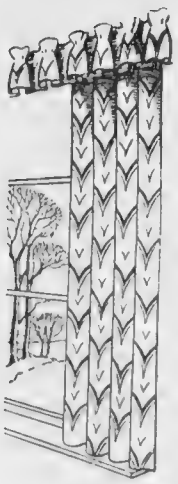
Landowners and private bankers are his *bêtes noirs*, although he's polite to them, as to every one. He sees these two vested interests as the main obstacles blocking the Socialist advance. He wants to control them. Getting hold of the great basic industries—transport, fuel, power—is just by the way.

Communism and Communists—as distinct from Russian allies—are unpopular in Britain. The meagre size of the party and its voting power shows that very few love them. But might not communism under another name smell sweeter? Sir Richard Acland has that bright idea.

His story properly begins with the country squire who fought for the King against the people in the English civil war, 300 years ago, and was rewarded by a baronetcy and many acres. Two hundred years later, the Acland pendulum swung: the Aclands began to be a radical cinder in the eye of the old nobility. This radicalism paid political dividends. The Acland men regularly won their parliamentary elections. The 15th and present baronet is the ninth in succession to hold a seat

Cutting his oratorical eye-teeth on Liberal party platforms at Oxford, Dick Acland studied law, was called, practised cursorily, but came around to politics as a whole-time job in his early thirties, having fought and lost his first electoral battle in 1929, when he was twenty-two, and won his third fight in 1935, when he was twenty-eight. His father was already in Parliament. (*Continued on page 54*)

Make do and mend for Gay Curtains



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Probably the folk with gay curtains used "Rufflette" tape which makes it so simple to take curtains down, slip out the rings or hooks, wash the curtains and re-hang within hours instead of days.

Now here's the way that the not so good curtains can go gay, too. Take down the curtains and unpick the sewn on rings or hooks, wash or clean the curtains and sew on "Rufflette" tape—that's all the sewing you need do for "Rufflette" rings or hooks slip into the pockets and one pull of the draw cords does the pleating for you, too.

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BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDON, S.W.1. (35)

Said MR. PEEK to MR. FREAN
"Pray tell me what this map may mean?"
Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK
"Vita-Weat's playing 'hide and seek'"

It's quite simple really. Vita-Weat is affected by the Government zoning scheme and is no longer obtainable in the North. Limited supplies are still available in the South, but although they are distributed with the utmost fairness, they often require a little 'seeking out'! Of course, Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean will be all over the map again as soon as the war is won.

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CIVIL DEFENCE
The service which Kolynos renders to the "Services," and to you, too—clean, sparkling-white teeth
Sold everywhere in standard sizes
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DENTAL CREAM
FOR WHITER AND BRIGHTER TEETH

The two lived and worked together until Sir Richard died in 1937. A large slice of the family fortune then went in death duties. However, Dick was left with 16,000 acres containing 300 farms, two great mansions, woods, parklands, yielding a gross annual revenue of some £12,000, and a net of £2,000.

He became very radical, and an enthusiastic Popular Fronter. However, events in due course made the Popular Front extremely unpopular, and, the war arriving, Dick Acland dropped politics, and joined the Army as a private (the British Army was then directly commissioning only technical specialists). In his drill squad the boys complained: "Every one's in line except Dick."

Finally Acland decided that he would be of more use in Parliament than in the Army, and requested his discharge, which the Army granted.

He found a bunch of enthusiasts for his book-propagated ideas waiting like pals outside the jail gate. Among them were Tom and Kitty Wintringham. Tom, in his late forties, is the soldier-writer who fought in the Spanish Civil War, founded the Osterley Home Guard school for guerrilla fighters in 1940, and wrote the first recognized handbook on guerrilla war. Kitty is the good-looking American girl who arrived in Republican Spain as correspondent for one British and several American Left-wing papers, met Tom and nursed him back to life when he got typhus on top of wounds, and married him. She knows more about politics now than when she graduated in that subject at Bryn Mawr.

The band organized itself as "Forward March." Those were great days. The "Forward Marchers" met in Acland's ten-room family house in Chelsea. Mugs of beer refreshed throats parched with oratory. Out of the fog of tobacco smoke grew the pipe dream of a collectivized or communal Britain. A new party called Common Wealth was formed to make the dream come true.

A year ago I went along to the shabby five-story Bloomsbury house where the young organization boiled and bubbled, and put a question to Sir Richard, who, with large spectacles balanced on a notable nose, bears some resemblance to a reflective crane. It was: "What is the difference between Common Wealth and Communism, briefly?"

He said: "I don't know Russia personally, but my friends who do say that whereas Russia has economic democracy she has no political democracy. The opposition just doesn't exist. What I want here is both political and economic democracy. The people as a whole must own the national resources—land, mines, factories, finance, and so on. But they must also be able to raise hell if they don't agree with the government."

Plainly, Communism by popular vote and through parliamentary processes—something Bernard Shaw and his Fabians have vainly advocated for half a century. It was practically the Stafford Cripps programme when the present Minister of Aircraft Production was "the Red Squire," and, as such, tossed out of the Labour Party (now, he's back).

All Sir Richard needs now is between 12 and 15 million votes (depending on how many of the 30 million electorate turn out), and say 308 of Parliament's 615 seats. He's readied himself by gifting his estates to the nation: retaining, however, the shooting and fishing rights, along with a twelve-room suite in one mansion, while his good-looking young wife stays on as farm manager. In due time he hopes to move his family into 10 Downing Street, and take on a job worth £10,000 a year, plus allowances.

One fairly safe bet about to-morrow is that women M.P.s will increase. Between sixty and a hundred women have been adopted as candidates or are on the available-for-selection lists of six parties—Conservatives, Labour, National Liberal, Liberal, Common Wealth, Communist. Of the present batch in Parliament, Dr. Summerskill is the pin-up girl, Ellen Wilkinson the keenest wit, but Eleanor Rathbone the most effective mind. Miss Rathbone, who mothered family allowances, has spent fifty of her seventy-four years in public life. With Lady Astor's retirement, the annual wordage of the women M.P.s should fall; but if several of the new candidates I have seen get elected, the average of good looks will rise, and Edith Summerskill will get some competition.

END

What Next In Britain?

Old Tales Re-Told (*Continued from page 24*)

She was a widow. Her only son, a sailor, had been unjustly arraigned for piracy, and lay under sentence of death.

When Will awakened and heard the two suppliants' tales he was touched to the heart, but felt loth to promise assistance when the chances seemed so slender. The matter of the land was one thing; but the sailor . . . He had begged the king for many minor boons, but never for a life. Much licence was permitted him as the king's acknowledged favourite; but other favourites before him had overstepped the mark. And the lad had been already tried and condemned . . .

The poor woman, whose hollow eyes had never left his face, read the conflict there. In despair she fell on her knees.

"Thou shouldst kneel instead," he told her gently, "to the king's judges; for this is a knot of their tying."

"I would rather kneel to thee, Will Somers, than to all the king's judges and his generals and his bishops," she declared.

"Yet I am nought but his jester."

"*Thou art his friend.*"

Unable to refuse any longer, Will determined to plead her cause as well as his uncle's. But before he led the latter into the king's presence, he changed clothes with him. The portly old man looked so comical in a jester's cap and bells that Henry roared with laughter and was thus put cunningly into a good humour before Will voiced his mission.

This is how Armin describes what followed!

"'Harry,' sayes he, 'heare me tell thee a tale, and I will make thee rich and my Uncle shall be made rich by thee.'

"'And how shall I be rich by that?' sayes the King (having been told the tale of Terril's Frith)

"'The poore will pray for thee,' sayes Will, 'and thou shalt be rich in heaven; for on earth thou art rich already.'"

The upshot was that Will gained his point; and when he pled the cause of the condemned sailor, this boon also was granted to him without question, and the poor woman went away with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks.

The king's last conscious act before his death was to accede to a request of Will's. This time it was on behalf of a certain Richard Farmer, Esq., his former master, who had been deprived of his estates and rendered penniless for giving charity to an imprisoned priest. As Henry lay stricken in his great silent bedchamber, Will Somers (who alone save the royal physicians was allowed access to him) crept to his side and breathed into his ear this last supplication.

The mists of pain and delirium cleared for a moment from the king's eyes and he raised his hand to signify that all was to be done as Will desired, and Richard Farmer restored to his possessions. Dying though he was, he would deny nothing to the man who asked only for others, and never for himself.

Will lived on to a ripe old age. If for no other reason, he would be entitled to fame for having been jester to four successive monarchs. After the premature death of the boy King Edward, he served Queen Mary; and after her, Elizabeth.

He died on June 15, 1560, and was buried in St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. There can have been few funerals at which more tears were shed.

In the British Museum there is an old print showing Henry VIII with his family, Prince Edward and the two princesses. Close behind him, at his left hand, stands the man from whom this arrogant monarch would never be separated—his lifelong friend, adviser and entertainer, Will Somers, the Beloved Fool.

END

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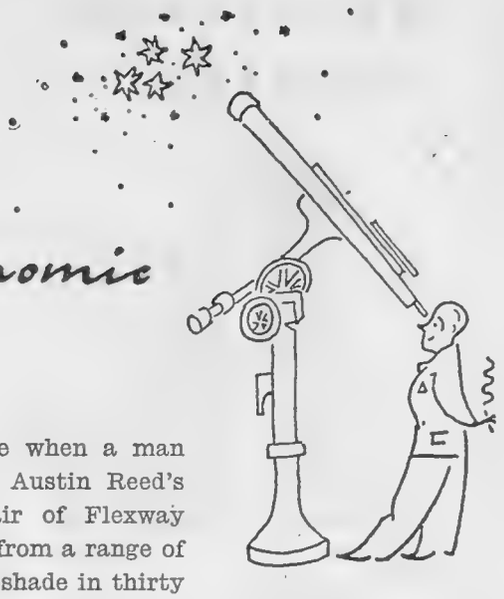

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I Liked My Home Town

(*Continued from page* 20)

were very shocked at Zangwill, because he was a Zionist and he had just married a Gentile.

Lots of our local boys and girls made good. Opposite our house was a school, Henley House, "kept" by the Reverend Milne, whose son became the famous "A.A." In school there was a "stinks" master who used to poke the schoolroom fire with a fencing stick, so "stinks" became stench. Before I forget, the "stinks" master was Mr. H. G. Wells and if like myself you happen to be a lover of *Kipps*, you will remember a certain incident which shows that the author Wells did not forget the chemistry master Wells.

One of the pupils who did not like the smell of the burning fencing foil was a fat little boy named Harold Harmsworth, who became the first Viscount Rothermere. Another pupil, a serious youth named Carlton, as Colonel Carlton, figured as one of our earliest tank experts.

Most of us neighbourhood boys used to read *Chums* every week. How we delighted in *Kronstadt*, and how thrilled was I one afternoon when boxing in a garden with two boys, Alfred and Harold, I was introduced to their father, Max Pemberton, later Sir Max Pemberton.

Miss Tripp was such a pretty little girl in a pram and prettier still when she could walk. She lived down our street, on the other side of Aschenbergs, the home of the famous music publishers. Of course, you would not know Miss Tripp, so maybe I should "reveal" that as June you have often applauded her as a dancer and actress.

To go "down West" to a theatre was quite a great adventure, so far away from my home town, but sometimes we went as far away as Kensington, in a Cambridge blue two-horse-drawn omnibus, all the way to Olympia, where the Kiralfy Brothers had staged a water show entitled "Venice." My, my, gondolas! But please do not think we lacked entertainment entirely. Oh dear no. We had the Town Hall, in Belsize Road. Sometimes, once a year perhaps, we had Poole's Panorama there, which brought Culture to our doors, almost.

The lecturer, in evening dress, with a red silk handkerchief tucked into the left-hand corner, between the shirt and the vest, talked to us about the marvellous Tower in Paris which a Monsieur Eiffel had just built; then perhaps thinking that so much Culture would be bad for us, he would enliven it with a funny story about an Englishman who went to Paris and kept asking the natives questions and all they could answer, being stupid foreigners, of course, was "Jenny Saypa," and then the Englishman spent the rest of his time looking for Jenny.

Later the Town Hall became a real live theatre, with a different touring company there every week. We had thrilling melodramas and the *Belle of New York*. One week when they were playing *Dorothy* I used to creep out of bed every night about nine and stand at a window and watch a man in a huntsman's red coat leading three hounds on a leash. They were hired from the local livery and bait stable and they "came on" at the end of the second act to represent a pack of hunting hounds.

At our local Theatre Royal, Louie Freear and Marie Dainton made their débuts in a musical comedy called *Buttercups and Daisies*, but most likely you have never heard of either of these ladies? I should therefore explain that Louie Freear was one of the most famous low comediennes of the nineties and played Puck in Tree's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, while Marie Dainton, a local girl, became one of the most famous of the music hall mimics.

Later on the Theatre Royal became a music hall, then it was rented by a local lad named Bertie Klosenberg, who turned it into our first cinema. Now Klosenberg, as Sir Albert Clavering, is, I understand, very high up in the cinema world.

I look again into the mirror of the past. I see the horse-drawn omnibuses looking very gay; the drivers are sporting the Rothschild racing colours on their whips, and the conductors have them on their bell cords. You know (or perhaps you don't): ping, ping, ping, which means: "full inside and out." Sir Alfred has given every driver and conductor a brace of grouse. I guess he must have won some big race. There are seats on either side of the driver and the young blades vie with one another to secure these seats and talk horse to the driver as he gazes fixedly at the tails of his horses and keeps up a running commentary of what to-day would be called wise-cracks. The omnibus drivers and the cabbies were the wits of our streets and I trust someone has recorded some of their humour which had a mellow tawny port flavour about it.

My mirror clouds over, another "pea souper" is obviously coming up. The gas lamps are mere opaque blurs. Somebody is shouting shrilly. What is it?

A newsboy, a street arab as we called them in our playful way, is running down the hill. What is he shouting? Hark! "'Orrible murder! Another 'orrible Ripper murder!" I creep away shuddering to bed. The flickering night light is casting fantastic, frightening shadows on the ceiling.

But I liked my home town.

END

Little Ships

(*Continued from page* 19)

little ship and repair such damage as she had sustained; but as the moon waned it became necessary to transport certain vital equipment to the Underground; and who but Ralph—a veteran by now—was experienced enough to play porter to a hard-pressed country's need?

That time the criss-cross currents played him false and left him high and dry on a sandbank, which caused him to serve as target to a gun mounted ashore. But the shooting was bad; and though the *Mary K* leaped and squirmed like a delirious mermaid, she came to no real harm. Whereupon the enemy sent out a plane to complete her destruction; but the first bomb to be dropped started such a flurry in the water that the boat slid off the bank and was free, pivoting nimbly; her cannon spitting like an irate tomcat.

And a flight of Tempests hared over to join in the fun; and beyond a few fathoms of broken bulwark the *Mary K* was little the worse.

BY now the Endsleigh small ships had won a certain amount of official recognition. Ralph was instructed to give clandestine passage to an Admiralty brass-hat who hoped to make a close survey of certain sections of the Dutch coast—in his passenger he found that Commander whom Admiral Kemble favoured. The Commander was seasick! He explained that he was more accustomed to big ships.

Ralph's hopes of winning the Admiral's approval rose. A man who was sick as a dog in a trifle of a pobble as this wasn't the right sort of mate for Mary. But he did his best to help out the victim, and—since the Commander in no wise associated a one-legged civilian with an annoying cool indifference to his own qualities on Mary's part, he was grateful.

"Couldn't have managed the job but for you, young fellow," he complimented. "I'll see it's mentioned—officially."

As a result the Endsleigh flotilla received the Admiralty blessing. Taking advantage of every smirr of fog, every night of ten-tenths cloud, one little ship, or even a dozen, crept across the narrow seas to bring hope; and even life to the sufferers beyond. More and more ships were found and refitted, the whole being a marvel of improvisation.

"You'll be an (*Continued on page* 58)

ONLY A DREAM!

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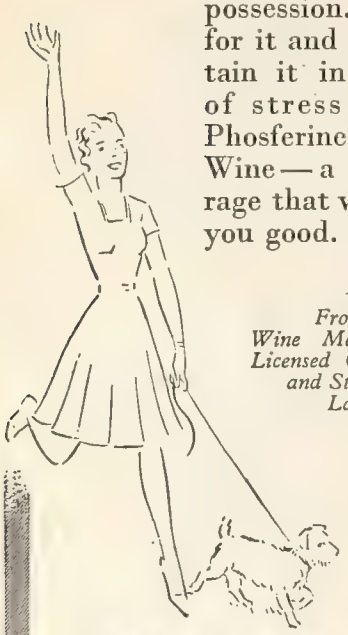

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Admiral on your own account before the Commander gets his fourth stripe!" praised Mary.

Within a week of her saying this Ralph's real chance came. A shortage of supplies prevented his usual flotilla from taking to sea; but a very important personage indeed had to be landed at a secret spot on the beleaguered coast. Ralph was told enough to know that the safe completion of his mission might mean a decisive result in ultimate, speeded-up victory. He was conscious of the old MTB thrill as he crept out to sea that black, overcast night. He heard a roar of busy aircraft overhead, behind the clouds. He was challenged by White Ensign small-craft, but he had secured sufficient recognition to be equipped with the secret signal code. Daintily he crept across the watery leagues, as alert as ever in his life. Though lacking a leg his eyes seemed to have acquired a preternatural quality of sight.

Yet nothing happened as he closed the coast, and, after a quick cast of the hand-lead to satisfy himself as to his exact position, headed for a tidal inlet of such insignificance as to merit no marking on the chart. Again he signalled briefly with a pocket torch, and men came in ghostlike fashion, to mutter astounded exclamations when they recognized the man ferried across into the jaws of threatened death.

"Sir, this will never be forgotten!" said the passenger, as he was taken on to the shoulders of the welcoming party and carried to dry land.

Ralph saved his breath for action. He had said nothing about the suspicious noises he had heard above the silky thrumming of the *Mary K's* engines. But there was something afoot that night, he was sure—more so by far than usual. He heard a stunning explosion when part-way across the narrow sea. The night grew vivid with up-leaping flame. By that illumination he thought to see a hummocky something emerging through foam-swirls.

He opened out to the fullest speed of which the pair of Wellesley Ghosts were capable. On occasion he had driven the stolid *Mary K* as if she were the MTB of his early love. His 36-mm. cannon began to spit, and every machine-gun joined in. He saw red strikes on the U-boat's conning-tower. The *Mary K* gained speed.

Forgetting that she was simply a timber-built tub, Ralph headed like an arrow for the Hun. If he could inflict damage enough on the superstructure to prevent her diving until help arrived, something would be accomplished. But the U-boat made a crash-dive—the cannon-shells still hitting her hard. Then she surfaced again—in a flurry. Once more Ralph pumped all he had at her. The evil thing was blind, apparently helpless. If only he had carried a worth-while gun! was his moan. But, lacking that, the 36-mm. must serve. The strikes were penetrating at that close range. The explosion that blew the U-boat high almost demolished the *Mary K* too, but she squattered back, upright.

"Phew!" said Ralph. Then as he wiped sweat and spray from his face he saw what he thought to be a torch flash in the distance. He satisfied himself that cannon ammunition still remained and headed that way.

Men were floating and swimming in sticky oil. Debris floated everywhere.

"Heave a rope, mate—this one's about all in!" said a voice outboard, speaking thickly through clotted oil. Ralph lent a hand to bring in a spluttering, portly figure. He helped it under cover and turned his attention to salving more. The *Mary K* filled to capacity. Then fast, light craft appeared, hurrying hard to the scene.

"What happened?" Ralph asked a clotted shape that gulped and cursed on his deck.

"Hun tinfished us!" came the explanation. "It looked like it was surfacing to bag the lot of us when you sailed in. The Big Man won't be half glad."

"If you mean me," said Admiral Kemble's voice, still muffled, as if the viscid oil clogged his throat; "I say here and now that I am damned glad. Sir—what ship is this, and who are you?"

"Just a one-legged civilian in a little ship," said Ralph.

"Shake hands, young Endsleigh. It seems to take guts to be your kind of a civilian. Is Mary likely to meet you when you make port?" coughed the Admiral.

END

Down By The River

(*Continued from page 29*)

and wings set off by her sulphur yellow underparts she is the neatest of the Wagtail group.

I once saw a rat feasting upon the eggs of a pair of little grebes (or "dabchicks" as they are more commonly called) while all the distressed owners could do was to stand by and swear at the invader. In spite of the fact that the dabchick's nest is but an accumulation of decayed aquatic vegetation, the birds are dearly fond of their home and would never dream of being absent without covering their eggs. Even so, rats hunt by scent and not by sight and many of our waterside birds, especially teal, coots and ducks, have cause to regret the depredations of these rodents.

Of course, during the summer months the bird population of our streams and rivers is greatly augmented by visitors from overseas, the first to arrive being the dainty little chiff-chaffs whose domed nest of weed stalks, lined with feathers, is usually placed low down. It is not easily located and the birds do not help the searcher; instead they alight some distance from the actual site of their home and cautiously thread their way through the herbage to their nest.

Close on the heels of the chiff-chaffs in their return to this country, come the reed-warblers and the sedge-warblers whose silvery songs always tempt me to linger at the water's edge and try to get a glimpse of the tiny songsters. But even though one may succeed in tracing the song to a certain patch of reeds or rushes, to catch sight of the birds themselves is by no means as simple as might be imagined, because they are great skulkers, usually singing whilst hidden in dense cover. Indeed, it is in a similar dense situation that the reed-warbler builds its nest, fastening it to two or three reeds. Neatly woven of moss, grasses and willow-fluff, the most remarkable thing about its structure is its depth, and I think the birds' object in making it so deep is that when it bends over with the reeds, under pressure of a strong wind, the contents will not get spilled.

I have known a number of instances where the reed-warbler has been victimized by the cuckoo, and long before the baby cuckoo leaves the nest he is much bigger than his industrious foster-parents. I do not think the sedge-warbler is so frequently burdened with the cuckoo's egg, but I am not in a position to be dogmatic on this point, as I have had less experience of sedge-warblers. I do know, however, that their nest is more shallow than that of the reed-warbler and that the bird itself is not quite so shy. It may readily be identified by its bold eye stripe. Both reed- and sedge-warblers are inclined to continue their songs until late into the summer nights, when they are not infrequently joined by the garden-warbler, a bird which, contrary to its name, seldom breeds in gardens and is shy to visit them. The last garden-warbler's nest I inspected was cleverly concealed in a bunch of fern only a few feet from a stream. In a gorse bush, less than a yard above it, was the wonderfully made nest of a long-tailed tit. The warblers incubated their pale creamy-white eggs and launched five lusty youngsters on to the world, but two days before the long-tailed tit's ten eggs were due to hatch some mean, sneaking robber invaded their home. Personally, I condemned a long-tailed field-mouse, but the editor's blue pencil looms before me and I dare not give you the long story of how I collected the evidence against the mouse.

END

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SHE'S A

Saleslady

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VALERIE

Selberite **ARCH PRESERVER** *Shoes*

Way Of Salvation (*Continued from page 28*)

for two hours, the routine of changing look-outs set on departure from the coast; the beat of the engines, constant and unvarying.

The first search course was set. Steadily, hour by hour, the area was combed, without result. Storey's face betrayed no sign of feeling; but as they settled on the final leg he called through the inter. com., "Hullo, No. 3! No. 1 calling No. 3. When do we complete the search?"

"In thirty minutes, sir," the navigator answered.

"Check your drift."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Then the second pilot's voice rose clear and incisive. "Hullo, No. 1! No. 2 calling No. 1. Destroyer three miles on port bow."

Storey, hope renewed, caught sight of the small silhouette ahead, aware that her presence might turn failure into success. He flashed the letter of the period, informing her of his task and of the area searched, receiving, in reply, a message that she had been ordered to co-operate.

He made a quick mental calculation of the small endurance he had in hand. Convinced that he had not missed the dinghy, he again assessed the various possibilities, deciding to extend the search to the westward. Finally he informed the destroyer he would home her, if successful.

He set course with new resolve. Five minutes later his shoulders straightened; his body became tense and still. "What's that speck ahead, No. 2—fine on the starboard bow?"

The second pilot raised his binoculars, hesitated and replied equally quietly, "U-boat surfaced, sir."

Storey murmured to himself, "At last"; forgetting, in the surprise of the moment, his original purpose. Then irony, bitter-sweet, touched him. He shook it off. Nothing must deflect him from essential duty. "Action! Sighting report, No. 4. Order destroyer to close . . . Give her a course, No. 3. I'm going into cloud. Bomb doors open."

"Bomb doors open, sir," the second pilot reported.

"I'm making a down-track attack." Storey opened the throttles, hearing the note of the engines rise to a high-pitched roar. "Stand by, everybody! I'm going to break cloud . . . Stop watch and camera, No. 3."

"She's still surfaced!" the second pilot exclaimed.

"Good." Storey's voice came slow and deliberate. "Losing height. Attacking at one—two—five knots."

Suddenly the navigator's voice came through the inter. com., his words tumbling over one another. "Sir! There's a white flag! Look!—by the conning tower."

"Disregard," Storey ordered, his face set and stern.

A second later the other again broke in, unable to repress his excitement. "Look, sir! There's an aircraft dinghy on the fore deck. And two or three men in Mae Wests. They're our boys, sir. It must be Peter and his crew."

Storey jerked back, as though struck by a sudden blow. All the colour ran from his face; but his hands were steady. He made his decision without faltering. "I'm continuing the attack. Stand by every one"; and steeled himself to his resolve.

Through the inter. com. he heard, as from afar, a faint murmur of protesting voices, overborne by someone calling, "They're waving, sir!"

"Waving us on," Storey repeated mentally, torn by the knowledge that the destruction of a U-boat justified the sacrifice of several aircraft and crew.

"I'm flattening out," he announced decisively.

He heard the navigator's dead voice reporting: "Depth charges gone." Then a sudden, stilled expectancy fell, broken, five seconds later, by the muffled roar of the explosions.

"Stick dead on track," the rear gunner exclaimed in dry, twisted tones. "Right alongside. Ten feet to port. She's covered in white water . . . She's losing way, sir."

"Very good; I'll have a look." Storey banked. He forced himself to concentrate, though he seemed to be staring into a bottomless abyss. The U-boat was heeling to starboard, obviously out of control. "Stand by with your sea-marker," he ordered, and banked again for the run in.

Before he had completed the turn, his crew's voices came clear and insistent: "The spray's clearing, sir . . . They're tumbling up from the conning tower—abandoning ship . . . The bows are rising fast . . . She's sinking, sir . . .!"

"Very good," Storey said automatically. "We'll drop our dinghy, too. Want all the information we can get. Course for the destroyer, No. 3."

The navigator, anticipating the question, had his answer ready. "Zero—five—six: distance twenty miles."

Storey attempted to deaden thought. He had already reached his P.L.E. and knew he could not keep company with the destroyer until she picked up the survivors. Neither would she break wireless silence until within coastal waters. He would have to endure and hope—endure, in its eternal variation, the stark ruthlessness of war; the inexorable bondage of duty.

The minutes passed. On sighting the destroyer, he sent her concise information by Aldis lamp, his valedictory, "Good luck," holding a significance unknown to those aboard. Then, after setting course for base, he amplified his first signals, adding he suspected survivors from R. for Robert were aboard the submarine. Again he struggled inwardly against the merciless sequence of events. . . .

STOREY walked into the Intelligence Room. "Are the photographs ready, Bates?"

"In half an hour," Bates added quietly. "There's every hope. Don't think about it, sir."

Storey placed his hand on the other's shoulder. "Thanks, Bates. You're one of the few who understand—proved by not congratulating me. When nothing more can be done there's less worry. One is faced only by success or failure—by the inevitable."

Bates nodded. "Let me know if I can help."

Storey relaxed. "Thanks again, Bates; your understanding's the help I need." He paused. "Is Joan on duty?"

"Yes."

"I'll see her. She's capable—thank God!—of facing truth." He walked out, and asked the controller in passing, "Any message from the destroyer yet?"

"No, sir; we're expecting one at any moment."

"Let me know immediately. I'll be in the Cypher Office."

Storey knocked and walked into the room. "May I sit down, Joan?"

"Of course, Strike."

He sat down facing her.

"You know as much as I do. Peter and the others were probably aboard the U-boat I attacked. I'm talking to the point, Joan, because I know you prefer it. The attack had to be made. It was, I believe, successful. But they may have survived."

"I know there was nothing else you could do." Her low voice did not waver. "Don't think I shall ever reproach you." She broke off, her hands clenched. "But it's all so hideous and senseless and brings such endless suffering. Why should we all suffer? Aren't we entitled to some happiness?"

"God knows," Storey said. "The best always go. Our finest manhood. They're sacrificed for the ideal of freedom. But what is freedom? Too often the survival of those who exploit war for their own personal gains. And they'll preserve them, regardless of everything, when peace comes."

"Don't you think it may be different this time?" (*Continued on page 62*)

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for a lovely baby
Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the surest way of purifying and cleansing the skin.
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SOAP
FOR BABY

Women of Action especially appreciate the easy and hygienic insertion assured by the Tampax individual applicator

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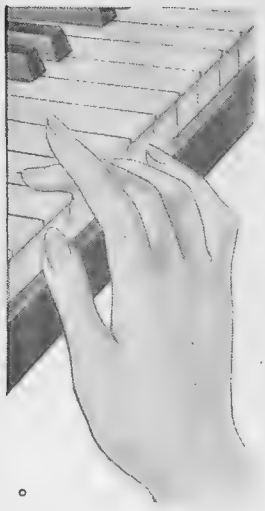

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that the music of victory is not so far away; that hands that have worked hard to achieve it will deserve a little gaiety; and that Peggy Sage polishes will become available—in small quantities—as essential ingredients are 'demobilised' from their war service.

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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET
ONE COUPON

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PRO INTEGRITATE CUTIS

His voice turned vehement. "I don't. The minority are always betrayed in the long run. Their ideals are flouted, their valour disregarded, their sacrifices forgotten. They've no voice or power. They become submerged. Sometimes I feel there's no solution."

"So do I."

"But there's always hope, Joan—hope in our children. Will you promise me something?"

"I will, Strike."

"That you won't be afraid to bring children into our distracted, tormented world, like so many. Only they can fully create and uphold a new future."

"I'm not afraid," Joan said. "It's our natural heritage—our way of salvation."

Neither heard the knock on the door until it became insistent. Then Bates entered, handing Storey a signal. "From Group," he said. "The controller thought you'd like to know. It'll be through on the teleprinter in a few minutes." He left the room, closing the door quietly.

Storey's features did not reveal his thoughts. He passed the signal to Joan. "They're all safe, thank God! At least I shan't have to carry the brand of Cain. So true your words, Joan. It's indeed—way of salvation."

END

Way Of Salvation

Shield Of Allah

(*Continued from page* 32)

listen to wisdom. A little breach may start a flood of destructive inquiry." Kazeem sat again on his haunches and listened and smiled his understanding as instruction unfolded.

"Have no fear," Bepin Babu concluded smoothly, "you or your two little sons. I have a licence for a rifle for protection in an emergency. This is surely an emergency." His fat face creased in a leer. "And," he added with boastful meaning, patting the stock of the rifle, "I can shoot straight."

"The *burra* sahibs admire and reward courage, Bepin Babu. Truly your firm foundation shall be thrice established." Kazeem was extravagant in his flattery.

"See that you do your part this day," Bepin Babu warned. "That cackling threat must be silenced."

"On the head of my children shall my failure fall." He grinned evilly in his beard, salaamed and departed.

Durga Puja and high holiday! Durga Puja, the greatest festival in the Hindu calendar. All morning brightly clad villagers streamed over the beautiful, tropical garden, gaping at the animals. All morning mischievous boys, in brilliant velvet jackets and embroidered pill-box caps, slyly pelted monkeys, teased the gentle old elephant into chain-straining fury, worried the stolid hippopotamus.

Little brown girls, draped in fragments of rainbows, blew piercing bamboo whistles. Relatives became separated, lost themselves, came frantically together, scattered again in anxious search for wandering children.

After four caged years Maharani still savagely resented the insolence of a curious, grinning public that gazed goggle-eyed at her, and roared her royal protest at the indignity.

It was indeed a harassing morning for the keepers.

Faint clanging of gongs in the distance marked the noon hour. Heat and hunger were gradually thinning out the crowds. Maharani's dinner was late and she was in a foul temper. Always the noisy, jangling mobs put her on edge. Even Akbar's crooning voice failed entirely to sooth the restless beast as she angrily paced the wide cage.

"Shall Your Majesty eat food in public while these debased, low-caste coolies gaze with insulting stare?" Akbar gently protested. "Patience, O Queen of Queens. You shall eat presently in the quiet seclusion. I, your servant, will now prepare the meal."

Akbar went round to the back of the large brick and iron-barred house that caged Maharani. His invariable custom was to loosen the rope that held up the bars in the narrow arched opening between the small inner den and the front cage. When these bars were down, the tigress was secure in the main cage and Akbar could, with impunity, enter the inner den. He would heap Maharani's ration of meat and bones near a corner, fill the cement trough with clean water, close the small gate when he got outside, then lift the archways bars for her to enter.

Maharani's flattened ears twitched to every sound. For four monotonous years she had followed the course of this weary routine. It was always the same. Rattle, rattle. Down came the bars in the archway. Clang, clang. The den gate was opening from the outside. Akbar, groaning as he scrambled in; came the soft thud of raw meat falling, bones knocking on the paved floor. Clang, click. Den gate closed, Akbar outside. Screech and rattle. Archway bars going up. Dinner for the savage murderess.

On this day, Akbar dropped the bars in the archway. The loose rope-end was in his hand when he spotted two boys in blue velvet jackets who scampered across the grass to a cage in the middle distance. His forehead corrugated in a frown. Watching them slip under a guard rail that was there to keep visitors a safe distance from the stealthy thrust of ripping claws, he broke into a shambling run.

In that cage sulked an ugly-tempered, sly, terribly vicious black leopard. Even Akbar disliked this vile brute.

"Keep away from that cage, you sons of Satan," he yelled. "Get away from that cage, I say!"

When they saw the old keeper bobbing towards them, mouthing and gesticulating, Kazeem's sons laughed derisively, shouted insults and bolted.

At that moment Kazeem himself appeared and swiftly did the thing agreed upon. Moving back from Maharani's cage, he slipped into the shadow of a tree. From there he watched his sons till they vanished round a far bend. With a sigh of relief, he flitted through the glare and hid himself deep in a thicket.

Akbar shouted a final warning to the mocking children, who were now out of sight, and breathless with running, he returned to his work of feeding the tigress.

Maharani, ears alert to every whisper of sound, knew there was something wrong. There was a change in the routine. The hour she had expected through an endless succession of flat days, had arrived. Tensed on her haunches, she licked her chops with a slavering tongue and, crouching low, waited.

Opening the den gate, Akbar was about to enter with Maharani's food, when he stopped abruptly. Had he let down the bars in the archway between the den and the cage? Had he forgotten?

Before his distracted thoughts could be collected, Maharani answered the question. Like a black and yellow shadow she slipped out of the gate, landed silently on enormous paws and stood there triumphantly in the glare of hot sunlight—free!

And Akbar was within striking distance of her razor-edged claws.

Maharani's slanted eyes, glowing like great emeralds, fastened on her keeper, who gazed speechless at the terrifying beast. So they stood in the pitiless glare of burning sun, tensely alert, blinking at each other in the noonday hush of the quiet garden.

Like a horrible phantom seen in a delirium of brain fever, the huge tigress slowly backed away and then crouched for the death spring.

Akbar's befuddled brain turned a sudden somersault. After more than thirty years of faithful labour, this tragedy! What would the Government say? His pension six months away; surely he would lose his pension if this neglectful act became known.

Trembling and dismayed, Akbar yanked the large white turban from his head and cast it at the feet of Maharani. There it uncoiled, a long ribbon of coarse cloth on the red gravel.

"Maharani, Maharani," he cried and knelt before the tigress, bowing his grey head in the dust. "Oh, think what (*Continued on page* 64)

YOU'LL agree that Craftsmanship cannot be stifled by standardisation, when you buy "Utility" Underwear by MERIDIAN. It has just that little something that reveals the hand of the craftsman.

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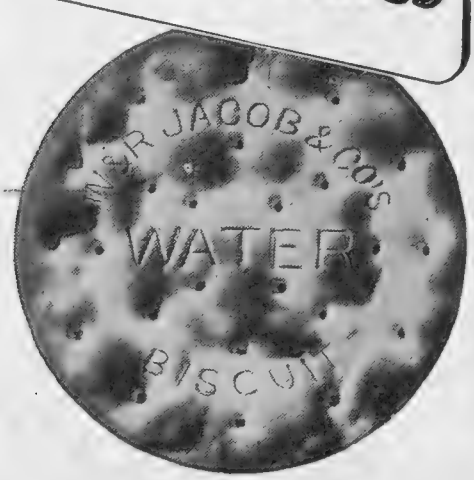

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the Commissioner Sahib will say! O consider what the Government will do! O Queen of Queens, my pension! After all these years of faithful service I shall lose my pension and be disgraced."

Maharani opened her terrible jaws, yellow fangs cradled a curling, red tongue. Her living meat was there to be worried and mauled to horrible death.

"Listen, O Pride of my Life. Listen to your servant," Akbar continued his lament, "return to your home."

Suddenly Maharani turned her back on her keeper. Down the red path leading to the gates she moved, her long tail swishing in sudden, jerky movement.

Akbar, anxious and grim, scooped up his turban and trotted after the tigress. He limped quickly ahead, threw himself again on the ground before the remorselessly advancing animal, repeated his supplication, explained again about his pension and wept aloud.

Who can say what a tigress thinks? Perhaps she considered the certain chunks of juicy meat that lay in her den and the large marrowbones. Perhaps the skinny, leathery old man with his waving arms and pleading voice discouraged her, or perhaps the dazzling sun was uncomfortably hot.

Maharani paused and looked uncertainly about. Akbar rose immediately. Round Maharani's neck he tied the end of his turban. Like a dog on a lead, the tigress followed him back to her cage.

Shield Of Allah

Bepin Babu ceased squinting along the thin edge of a hair sight and slumped against the tree that hid him. Nervous with fear he lowered his rifle and mopped the cold sweat that beaded his forehead. The high holiday of Durga Puja was not an auspicious day for a tigress to maul and crush a skinny old man, nor was it a good day for a well-padded man to shoot a royal tigress for slaying her servant. There would be no official approval for such brave hunting. And what would that cackling fool report? Bepin Babu slunk out of the garden by a devious way. His bright star was clouding with evil omens.

Next day, the Commissioner Sahib heard the story, as told by Akbar. Greatly abashed and fearing the wrath of that mighty dispenser of pensions, Akbar reported the incident. He also mentioned the matter of short weight of meat for Maharani and the egregious Bepin Babu. The Commissioner Sahib's weary face relaxed; with difficulty he concealed a smile behind his trimmed moustache. Immediate investigation was promised.

"But were you not afraid of the tigress?" he pursued.

Akbar's wrinkled brows furrowed as he smiled a deprecatory smile and bobbed again in respectful salaam. "Protector of the Poor, the Shield of Allah defends, if one is not afraid."

END

The Highroads Of England

(*Continued from page* 42)

nineteenth, came the innovations of the road reformer, McAdam, whose name has passed down to us in the adjective "macadamized"; asphalt roadways made their first appearance, too, when—in 1869—Threadneedle Street was treated in this novel manner.

And so we come to the present and the future, to the pressing problems of enormously increased traffic, the requirements of motorists, the necessity for safe wheel-traffic and safe pedestrianism. The by-pass roads of (comparative) yesteryear aroused controversy which, fierce as it then seemed, will be nothing to the fire of future controversies over bigger and better highways.

Hideous and undesirable as is the ribbon-development along some of these by-pass roads, it is a fact, nevertheless, that many a pretty and old-world village has been safely isolated, free from the rush of progress, by the construction of these selfsame highroads that have so literally passed them by.

During the last six years, little, of necessity, has been done, as regards the maintenance of our main thoroughfares. Making good this deficiency is one of the chief concerns of the Ministry of War Transport, which estimates some 4,800 miles of trunk roads, 2,800 miles of class I roads and 11,800 miles of class II roads—all in need of repair and some in need of reconstruction and alteration; the Ministry's aim being the improvement of existing motorways rather than the creation of new ones.

The British Road Federation—go-ahead and enthusiastically progressive—advocates the construction of double motoring highways, to ensure a maximum of speed and safety; side by side; these one-way traffic arteries would, of course, be free from crossroads and danger-spots and so designed that they should not imperil the amenities or æsthetic aspect of our countryside.

Keen motorists argue that driving along the *autostrada* type of road is monotonous and likely to lead to the alternative risk of falling asleep at the wheel; others maintain that only on motorways of this type can a high speed be achieved and maintained. While non-motorists express the opinion that England is too small a country to require such ambitious motor-routes, and recall that questions of finance and legislation have yet to be discussed!

END

Books :

(*Continued from page* 41)

six—once told me, to my amazement, that he dictated his first drafts to an expert secretary over the telephone after midnight. Well, his line still seems to be engaged to some purpose, and we are not sorry she's been tr-r-roubled.

LONELY houses and their occupants tend to have a special significance to the soldier rooted up from normal living. In Mr. R. C. Hutchinson's "Interim" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) an artillery sergeant blunders into one, on night ops in Cumberland, and develops a relationship with the Quindle family which becomes a symbolical link with his quest for happiness. Particularly does he respond to the saintly Bernard Quindle who had worked as a doctor in China, and now, in his sixties, longs to return there, against an invalid wife's wishes. Shabby Orchilly, with its family drama, will —I think—shine in the mind of any serving man as a spiritual experience of the kind he may have coveted in his dreams. The story is sensitively written.

ANOTHER wartime house we are glad to visit is Ullington Manor in Miss Elizabeth Ford's "The Young Ladies' Room" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). Let off in flats, with billeted R.A.F. in a wing, it shelters a mixed company whose fates are interwoven. To Jane Burton, nineteen, it is a world in which bomber pilots you love get lost in the drink returning from raids, and young subalterns propose in this wise: "I say, Jane, I know it's frightful cheek and all that, but I suppose you couldn't possibly get engaged to me or anything like that before I go?" Miss Ford knows the idiom of modern youth and the social background of Queen's Harbour. A quiet, simple, human story.

MARIA BLACK, head of a college for young ladies, is no mere schoolmarm. When a pupil is found hanged in a neighbouring wood she solves the murder mystery by abstract reasoning and elicits from Supt. Vaxley, in charge of the case, not only praise but a proposal that they should marry and set up a private detective agency. "Maria Marches On," by Mr. John Slate (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.) will absorb you if you can believe, for instance, that a very secret explosive formula would be tattooed on a schoolgirl's arm. (*Continued on page* 66)

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New Models of the famous

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GAS COOKER

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Oven-heat Control

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Yesterday - We busied ourselves with tasteful design, colour & texture to our great content.

To-day - Our long sustained efforts are all keyed for victory.

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SYMPTOMS OF THE MENOPAUSE

(Change of Life)

Frequently the first symptom experienced by women approaching the Menopause is that of "**Hot Flushes of the Face and Neck,**" but there are many others, often more difficult to distinguish because of their similarity to ordinary health disturbances, therefore women between 40-50, troubled with any of these signs are, if anxious, advised to consult their doctor. Some of the more usual of these symptoms are:

"Nerves," Giddiness, Palpitation, Headaches, Ear Noises, Insomnia, "Pins and Needles," Sudden Obesity, Itching, etc.

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An interesting book "**The Crisis in a Woman's Life,**" dealing with the symptoms of the Menopause, may be obtained on request from most chemists, or sent for 3d. in stamps by—

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Harringtons Face and Bath Towels, Cot Pads, Feeders, Bibs, Washing Squares, etc., cannot be supplied at present as the Board of Trade will not allow us to use Hygienic Gauze for these lines.

Launder all Harringtons goods you are fortunate enough to have, with greatest care to make them last as long as possible—supplies are very limited today.

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A SUCCESSFUL composer is in for a gamble when he marries a brilliant pianist on these terms :. "Nothing that anybody else has ever composed must satisfy you. Nobody else's music. Only mine. You mustn't be able to exist without me, Helen. Helen, you must starve without me and my music." How it works out, with genius making demands on love, is the theme of Mr. Reyner Barton's charmingly written "Descent from Nowhere" (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.)

LOVERS of Jeffery Farnol and Russell Thorndike's Dr. Syn will find a story to their liking in Mr. Max Peacock's "The Gentlemen Go By" (Hale, 8s. 6d.), a cloak-and-sword romance of Kent smuggling days with night vigils on Romney Marsh and Jacobite intrigue for byplay. The Hawkhurst gang range over all the familiar places, foxing Col. Peyton's Dragoons but not Lieut. Sturt, his spy, who rides through breathtaking adventures.

OBVIOUSLY, an attractive girl who has to flee from Rangoon when the Japs swarm in is going to have a lot of adventure crossing the Burma hills to India and safety. Clover does not disappoint us in Miss Dorothy Black's "Fantastic Journey" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) and there is a love story to add point to the perils. The author evidently knows her background, which is hotly coloured. This is a really thrilling story of a woman playing hide-and-seek with danger in the jungle wilds.

Books :

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :—

"White of Mergen." A play in three acts by Maurice Collis (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.).

"Bush and Billabong." Australian tales of long ago by Peter Paxton (Alliance Press, 6s.).

"Chile and Great Britain" (Douglas Organ, 6s.). Twelve addresses by His Excellency Don Manuel Bianchi, Chilean Ambassador in London.

"Tools for the Next Job" (Europa Publications Ltd., 2s. 6d.). A study, recently prepared by the Tory Reform Committee, of the political aspects of post-war business expansions and re-equipment.

"Glass Houses," by Laura Whetter (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.). There had been many women in Phil Bentley's life before he married Paula Tarrant, but when he became acquainted with his wife's slight delinquencies before he had met her, that is a different matter altogether. A delightful novel by the author of "So Much To Give."

"Green, the Danger," by Christianna Brand (John Lane, 7s. 6d.). An exciting murder thriller with a military hospital as a background.

"Three Times I Bow," by Carl Glick (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d.). A spirited series of story-sketches depicting Chinese people in New York's Chinatown.

END

Chinese Art *(Continued from page 25)*

When, in 1939, the famous Grice Collection of carved Chinese ivories was given to Sheffield, the public barely had time to see this lovely display before war intervened and the collection had to be moved hastily from the Graves Art Gallery and hidden for safety. Soon, the ivories will be restored to the cases provided for them, and what a procession will then occur!

For a great number of the carvings are figure studies, ranging from Yueh Fei, a famous Chinese general of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 960–1279), to Lin-Po-Wen, the Taoist priest who gave to Prince Kwan-ti what we should call a blue-print for the newly proposed city of Pekin; from Kuan-Yin, who, as goddess of mercy, "hears the prayer of the world," to an exquisite pair known as the Heavenly Sisters.

Indeed an examination of these beautifully carved figures would serve admirably as an introduction, not only to some of the finest examples of Chinese art in existence, but also to an Oriental gallery of fame reaching back to remote times, and into the fascinating realm of Chinese mythology.

Modern education in China may have banished some of these old beliefs, but as most examples in the Grice Collection considerably ante-date such liberating influences it is best to enter "lotus land" by the proffered channels and enjoy the delightful fare.

Thus in the company, as it were, of Ma-Goo, goddess of long-life and happiness, whose fly-whisk "brushes away the contamination of the world," or of Chang-Tao-Ling, a priest who discovered the "pills of Immortality" (two magnificent carvings, these), you can momentarily "accept" the Jewel Tree shown here at the old Chinese valuation. The formation of the tree's fruit is supposed to resemble "the classic position of Buddha's hand," or, alternatively, a "grasping hand" symbolizing wealth—hence the lavish display of amber, lapis lazuli, quartz and jade that go to complete the carving.

The Chinese love of nature is abundantly evident, notably in vases crowded with angling scenes, in the life-size fresh-water crabs made in the form of a box and containing specimens of river-plants, in the falcons whose sight is considered so keen that they can see to the farthermost parts of the earth, and a pair of phœnix—regarded by the Chinese as a supernatural creature and only visible in times of peace and prosperity!

Cap Sleeved Blouse *(Continued from page 36)*

7th row.—Inc. 1 st. each end of row (138 sts.).

Work 5 rows.

DIVIDE STS. FOR THE BACK OPENING

Work 69 sts. (place the remaining 69 sts. on a spare needle).

Inc. 1 st. at the beg. of the next armhole end row and every 7th following until 76 sts. Work 6 more rows.

SHAPE SHOULDER AND NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 neck edge rows and 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 shoulder end rows, at the same time casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of every neck end row until 16 sts. remain. Then cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 shoulder end rows.

Return to the 69 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

POCKET

With No. 12 needles, cast on 30 sts. with main colour wool. Work in main pattern, inc. 1 st. each end of every row until 50 sts., at the same time, working in contrast strips, very 4th row for 3 rows (joining contrast strip with a k. row). Work until pocket measures 3 ins. Cast off.

POCKET EDGING

With No. 12 needles and contrast wool cast on 4 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 sufficient to go along the top of pocket.

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 needles and contrast wool, cast on 6 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 sufficient to go round neck and down the right side opening.

SLEEVE EDGING

With No. 12 needles and contrast wool, cast on 4 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 sufficient to go round each sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and shoulder seams. Press on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew edging round neck and down the right side of back opening, leaving button spaces for 4 buttons. Sew edging round sleeves and the top of pocket. Sew on pocket. Press all edgings and pocket. Sew on buttons and thread cord through the holes at the lower edge of blouse.

Perfect Blancmange or white sauce can be made with Goodall's Cornflour. If you use it with dried milk, see that it is stirred while bringing to the boil. Smoother than flour for thickening stews and gravies. Makes a digestible dish for invalids. See recipe on carton. Guaranteed Pure Cornflour.

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Cephos
Pronounced See-foss REGD
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Knitted Blazer

(*Continued from page* 36)

at the armhole end until 49 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Right side of work facing.

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 36 sts. remain and armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Work back to armhole, cast off 4 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front, with shaping bit on the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 63 sts., k. into the back of first row. K. 2 plain rows. Work as follows:

1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—P. 1, k. 1, * p. 9, k. 1; rep. from * ending p. 1.

Continue for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following until 87 sts.

Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 18 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows, then 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles, cast on 140 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in.; then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every alternate row until collar measures 2¾ ins. from the cast on edge. Cast off in rib.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 12 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Work for 3½ ins. Make a buttonhole. Rib 4 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib 4 sts.

Next row.—Rib 4 sts., cast on 4 sts., rib 4 sts. Make 5 more buttonholes 3½ ins. apart, and ribbing measures 21 ins. Cast off.

Rib another strip, omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew buttonhole strip to the right side of front. Sew on strip to left side of front. Sew on the cast on edge of collar to neck. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; s. = slip; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease or decreasing; inc. = increase or increasing; beg. = beginning; m. = main; rep. = repeat; patt. = pattern.

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

Her new lipstick Red Feather is gay, bright and glowing; Cinnabar is a dark wine shade; Radiant Peony has a purple undertone; there is a natural lipstick made on what is known as an inert base which can be used by women who are allergic to most lipstick ingredients; Burnt Sugar is for redheads; Chariot for blondes; Redwood for brunettes. These lipsticks cost 10s. each, matching dry rouge 4s. 3d.

There are a few more Helena Rubenstein creams about. I found a jar of Town and Country which is a lovely protective foundation cream, price 7s. 6d. Perfection Cream, 9s. 2d., which is deliciously soothing for dry sensitive skins and Pasteurized Cream which is good if you wish to smooth away crows' feet or tiny worry lines, price 5s. and 8s. 4d., special Pasteurized cream 7s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.

Coty's Dorma Cleansing Milk is 7s. 6d., excellent for women who wish to freshen up a coarse complexion. For those whose complexions have dried out there is Conditioning Cream, price 8s. 9d.

By the way, if you wish for a Massage Chart, send me a stamped and addressed envelope.

END

Made in one minute! Milk—not boiled, but just warmed—so all the goodness is retained. Little Miss Muffett junket is easy to digest, and deliciously smooth and creamy. Children love its enticing colours, and fresh fruity flavours. So easy, too! Ready ten minutes after it's made, and "Nice enough for a party!"

In 4 flavours: Raspberry, Orange, Lemon & Vanilla.

Little MISS MUFFET JUNKETS

Still only 7½d. for 3 pint-sized Junkets.

Also "West Countrie" Rennet and Plain Junket Tablets.

Sole Distributors:
Lewis A. May (Little Miss Muffet) Ltd., Copthall House, London, E.C.2. (8)

For Smarter Shoes use CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

CB/DH

For delicious pastry use *plain Flour* and BORWICK'S

The art of "raising" pastry and cakes is simple. You get the best results by varying the amount of Borwick's for different mixtures.

BORWICK'S SAVOURY PIE

4 ozs. flour, 1 teaspoon Borwick's Baking Powder, Salt, 1 dried egg, ½ pint milk.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into a basin. Make a well in the centre. Reconstitute the egg, beat well and stir into flour. Add milk by degrees, beat well till batter is smooth. Leave 15 mins. Grease a pie dish and place pieces of left-over meat in it, cut into neat pieces. Sprinkle in one minced onion and mixed herbs, season well. Cover with strips of bread and repeat process until the dish is filled, spread top with dripping, moisten with stock. Pour the batter over, bake in moderate oven 45 mins.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World 19

Cross-Channel Cavalcade (*Continued from page* 16)

in comfort at fifty knots, although admittedly in comparatively close quarters. Perhaps before long the Channel crossing will be accomplished so quickly that there will be hardly sufficient time to use private cabins, restaurants, saloons and deck-chairs. All that the passenger will require will be a water-Pullman seat for this shortest of short crossings."

A whole harbour having sailed to France since that was written, the prospect may be carried further—what's to stop us getting into a Channel-going "Duck" at Victoria and finishing up in the Place de la Concorde without having left our seats, except for the normal occasions?

THE first Channel service was put up by Dover in the fourteenth century. The vessels were small, strong galleys propelled by oars, and when the wind favoured, by square-sail as well. Crews numbered twenty-one and about as many passengers were taken. But these had to compete with beasts (a horse went over for threepence) and landing was also not so good. "Faring boats" came out from shore, whose oarsmen left you to wet your waist unless their price was forthcoming. By 1610, some fifty ships were plying from the Cinque Ports, mixing smuggling and fishing with the passenger carrying. The crossing might take anything from three to twenty hours.

First mention of "pacquette-boat" was made by Evelyn, who had an exciting crossing from Dover in July 1649. "We had a good passage," runs the entry, "though chased for some hours by a pyrate, but he durst not attack our frigate, and we then chased him till he got under the protection of Calais Castle. It was a small privateer belonging to the Prince of Wales."

War with France in 1689 brought Falmouth into the picture and right down to the Napoleonic Wars it was the main port of transit to the Continent, the routes to Calais and Ostend being much of the time ruled out through active warring and brigandage. Not that the Falmouth boats were beyond the latter. "These large, well-armed craft," runs the record, "undoubtedly supplemented their mail contracts by piracy."

Directly after Waterloo, the picture had not outwardly changed. England had been more or less cut off from France for twenty years, save for the uneasy two years Peace of Amiens, and when mail-packets were resumed, they were still 80-ton sailing cutters. The Channel had been crossed by balloon, and Napoleon had received a negative answer in respect of bridging it or tunnelling under it, from his engineer-in-chief, Mathieu. The "quality" that rushed to Paris before and after Waterloo, had to be satisfied with sail-boats although rumours of something else were in the air.

THE first passenger crossing under steam to France—from Brighton to Havre—was made in 1816 by the *Majestic* "with 200 courageous passengers" whose friends on the quayside thought they'd probably all be blown up. The ensuing decade was a hectic one. An extraordinary collection of hybrids crowded on to the Channel, all-sail schooners, cutters and sloops, paddle-cum-sail compromises, and paddle steamers. Travel was the craze, railways were beginning to discern themselves, and a flock of ports up and down the Channel were heard from: Boulogne, Ostend, Folkestone, Shoreham, Dieppe, Southampton, Guernsey, Weymouth, St. Malo.

Out of the tangle there arose the famous little *Rob Roy* which may be said to have given the real start to the steam era. That was in 1820. She became the darling of the travelling public, for she crossed regularly between Dover and Calais in two to three hours. Her small decks—she measured only eighty feet—became so packed, sea-sickness or not, that the discerning French bought her, renamed her *Henri Quatre*, and started their first steam line with her. If one were to name another in the *Rob Roy's* company, she would be the *Camilla*, which did Southampton-Havre in eleven hours in 1830, only two hours more than I can remember taking. The *Camilla* was the first big Channel wreck, among packets, only the mate being saved off the Casquets, in 1842.

Meanwhile, August 1st, 1836, had been a red-letter day. The railway having reached the coast, the *William Wallace* left Dover for Boulogne with seventy-four passengers and the *Emerald* arrived from France with 142 passengers. Had there been a railway on the French side, those passengers of 109 years ago might have made London-Paris or vice versa in a full day's journeying.

In 1837 came the change from wood to iron. The first excursion ship had crossed ten years previously.

The ensuing twenty years were "the racing decades." Competition waxed madly under the impact of the all-conquering railways. Vessels run by the Government, the Admiralty, navigation companies and private individuals, sought the advertisement of the riband. An added spur was given by the newspapers which, prior to the telegraph, chartered vessels so as to be first with the news. The *Morning Herald* chartered the fastest packet, the *Ondine*, whereupon *The Times* leased the *Queen of the Belgians* and challenged the *Ondine*. But the racing ace was the *Wonder*, a paddler of 250 tons which used to log fourteen knots on the Weymouth-Jersey run and lived till 1875. Though the record span was that of the *Topaz*, born 1847 and vanished in the last war. These quondam racers would hoist sail to aid their paddles.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 had a pronounced effect on cross-Channel traffic. Six Admiralty, four French, two South Eastern and three Belgian steamers together carried from the Continent to Dover alone, an average of 2,000 passengers a week. What is more interesting, the vessels used to average one and a half hours for the crossing, a speed which remained practically constant for the next half-century. This period, until 1900, marked the heyday of the paddle steamer and the transfer from private to railway ownership. In opulent, bilious times, the aim was to secure the least discomfort, and this led to the appearance of three freaks.

The *Castalia* was composed of two half-hulls, 26 feet apart, and united by a huge superstructure. She proved the "dirtiest" ever, and finished as an isolation hospital in Long Reach. Next came Bessemer's *Bessemer* of the swinging saloon. "He evolved an arrangement whereby the saloon was hung on an horizontal axis and could be revolved by means of vertical hydraulic cylinders on each side, controlled by a man orking a spirit level," and if that doesn't make you giddy, the *Bessemer* made a point of crashing into any pier in sight. She was unsteerable. Her swinging saloon, by the way, became the lecture room of a women's horticultural college at Swanley, Kent.

Effort number three got somewhere. This was the celebrated *Calais-Douvres*, composed of two complete hulls, each 300 feet long. She was two steamers joined together and the public liked her; in fact her withdrawal in 1887 was due to her paltry thi[illegible]n knots. Except for subsequent essays [illegible]ouble-enders, a rudder at both bow and stern so as to facilitate moving in and out of harbour without turning, the *Calais-Douvres* marked the last flight of fancy. But experiments are still made to counter seasickness—witness the fin stabilizers fitted to the bow.

Whenever the "mole burrowers," that is, the tunnel fans, think they can get a crack at the sea, they do so. Each time there's wreck, you hear from them. As a matter of fact, I arrive at twenty-one cross-Channel wrecks in 125 years and remarkably little loss of life, considering. One curiosity is the *Little Russel* off Guernsey—nearly a third of all wrecks have been in the region. Finally, while on the subject of tunnel versus funnel, the Channel packets fail to sail, on an average, on two days out of the 365.

The story descends rapidly to our own day. I see that the *Princess Clementine*, built in 1896 by the Belgians for Ostend-Dover, was the fastest paddle steamer ever. I crossed to the wars in her in August 1914. They used to be great fun, those old paddlers, swaying from side to side and seeming, by their lowness on the water, to go at the very heck of a speed. The *Clementine* was almost the last Channel paddler, for the twin-screw had been taking over from the 'eighties onwards. The last paddler of all was the *Mabel Grace*, which continued between Folkestone and Boulogne until 1909.

The London and South Western Railway were away ahead with screw propulsion because their harbours were not so shallow as Dover, Dieppe, etc., and could take the screws. But I am in danger of growing technical and any disquisition on the next evolution, the turbine engine, would add to the risk. Suffice that Sir Charles Parsons opened the turbine era in 1902, with the *Queen*, first to do Dover-Calais in under the hour, and that we are in that era yet. With developments ever and anon—"The Golden Arrow" service, the "Twickenham Ferry," the first autocarrier, the 26-knot Belgian motorships, the first Channel packet turned pleasure cruiser, the *St. Briac*, forerunner of others, we may be sure, as the small-scale liners of tomorrow come into operation.

Apropos of the loss of the *Queen*—that puts one in mind of the varied ways these Channel vessels shake off their coils. The majority are broken up. But they have other fates. The *Queen* was sunk by a German torpedo in 1916. So was the *Sussex*. *Le Nord* and the *Vera* each sank a U-boat, so honours were about even in that war, although several Channel packets were lost once they had joined up. Some were sunk as blockships, others when acting as transports, seaplane-carriers and hospital ships, and when the veil is lifted, 'twill be much of a kindred tale for this war, with epics like Dunkirk taking their toll.

Probably the proudest feat of the last war belonged to the *Engadine*. She was the first to sight the German Fleet at Jutland, and after taking the *Warrior* in tow until she sank, saved 675 of the crew.

As I said, these packets are wont to finish in the most unlikely roles and places. As romantic an end as any was that of an ex-"Dieppe" renamed *Rosaura*. The late Lord Moyne had her turned into an ocean-going yacht at a cost of £28,000 (he picked her up for £8,000) and she used to sail the seas in quest of rare fauna and prehistoric remains.

Other endings are not so worthy as the sunken *Rosaura's*. The ship that bore the holiday hopes of tens of thousands in the 'twenties, may be found as a filthy and forlorn junk up a Chinese river in the 'forties. More in character, the ending of a "South Western," lost by enemy action in 1918, St. Malo bound. Twenty years before, she took me, as a very small boy, to that same port. At 5 a.m. of a July morning, I recollect asking my father "What's that?" pointing to a rock. "That's France," he said. I little guessed that I should spend half of my life there, and maybe more to come.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

1.6.45

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Photographer John Hinde uses the magnificent facade of Wells Cathedral as a backcloth to lovely Greta Gynt—latest star discovered by Two Cities films—Miss Gynt herself has discovered Clarks latest wood-soled sandals —the finishing touch to a carefree summer outfit.

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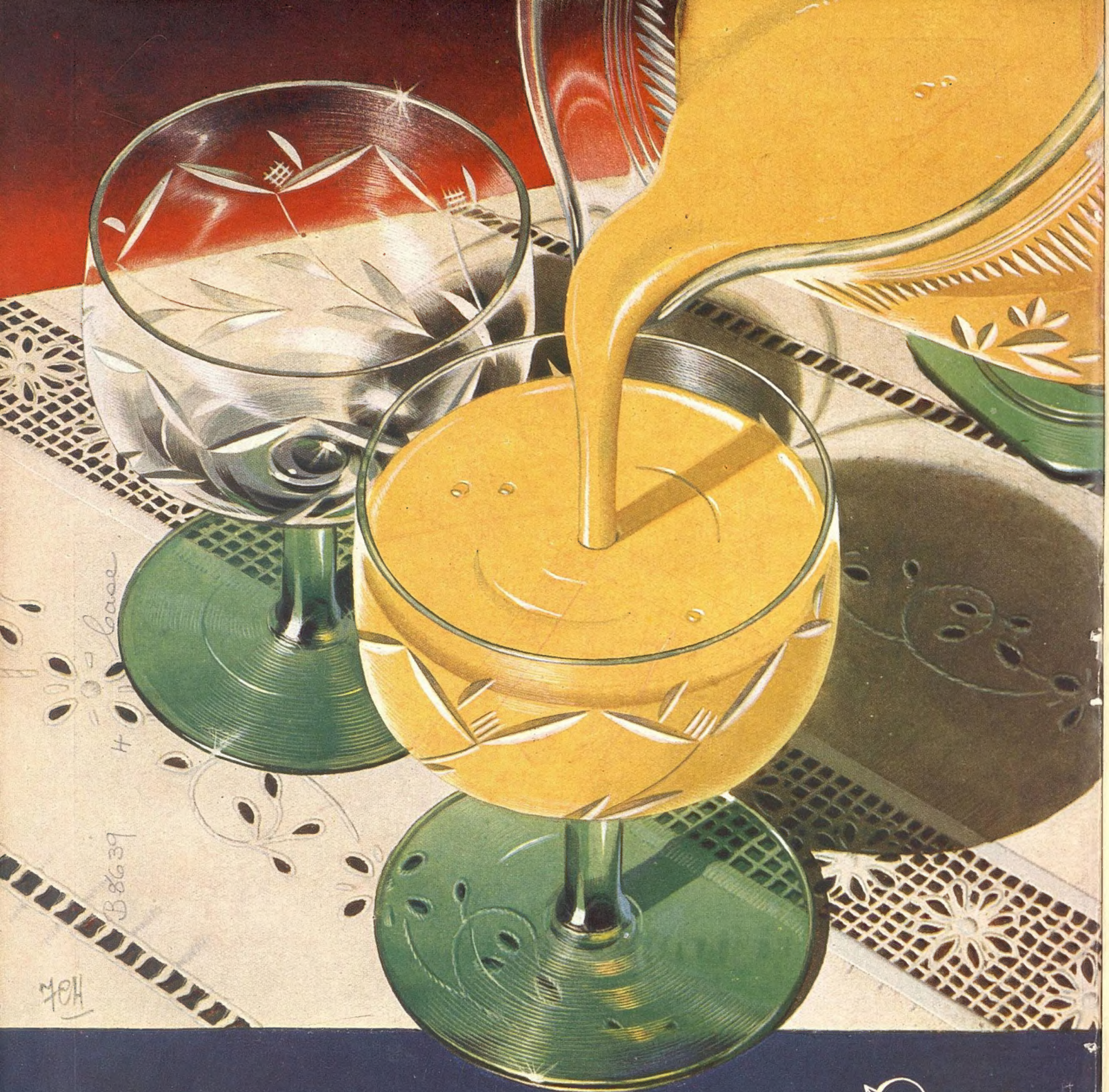

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